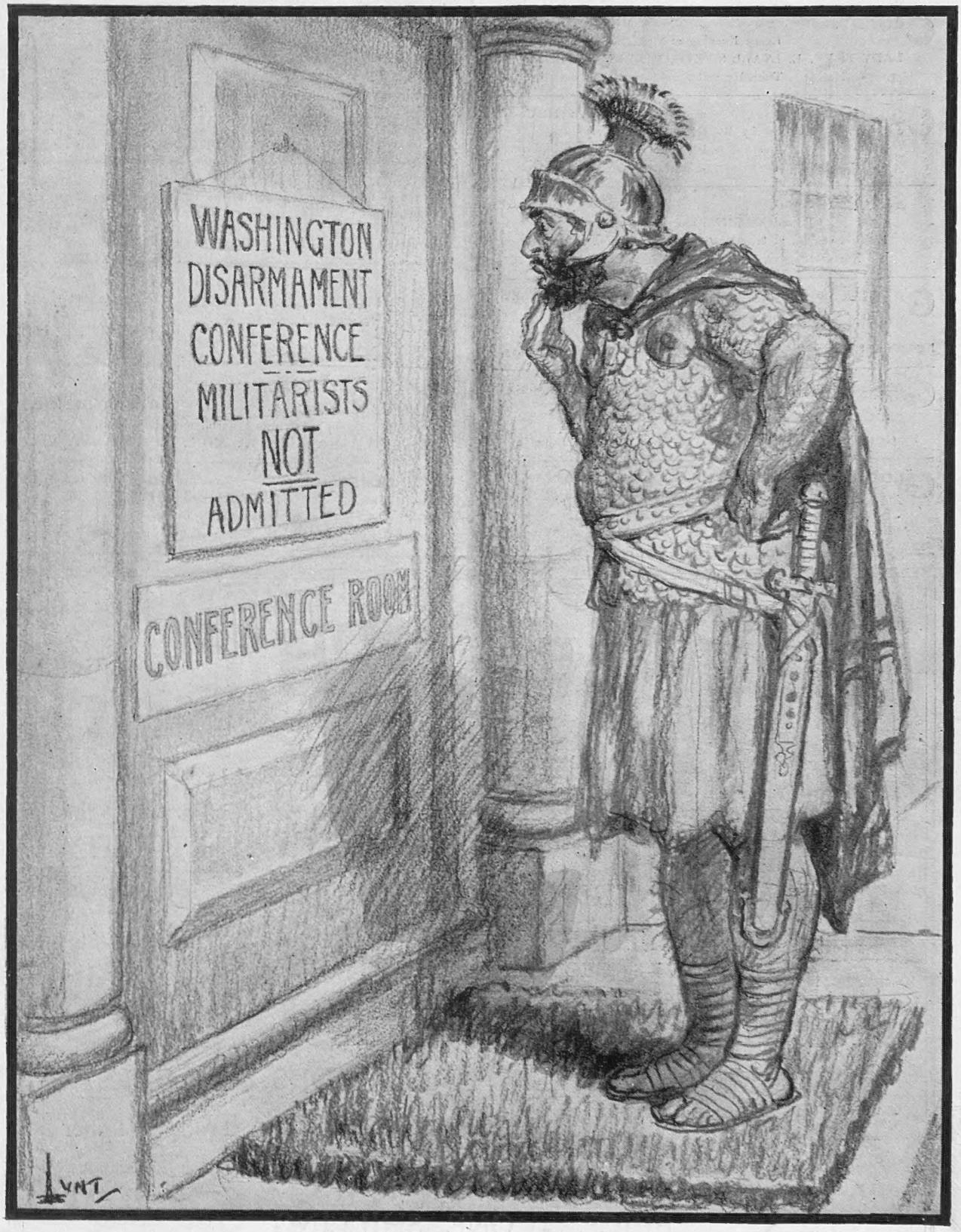
The Bystander, November 9, 1921 No. 936. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

"MARS ON THE MAT!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
MISS CARRIE TUBB, ARTHUR BOURCHIER with MISS KYRLE BELLEW in "UNCLE GA-GA," NAT D. AYER, HERBERT CLIFTON, THE GOTHAMS, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH.
Evenings at 8. Matinées, Weds. & Sats. at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates,
Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724). "ARAMINTA ARRIVES."
Every Evening at 8.30.
LADY TREE, E. LYALL SWETE, EILEEN BELDON.
Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848) "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"
A New Play by BERNARD SHAW.
Every Evening at 8.
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "SYBIL"
JOSÉ COLLINS, and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.
Xmas Holidays, Twice Daily, December 26-31.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Revue Success (2nd EDITION)
PINS & NEEDLES (Re-sharpened).
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Mon., Wed. & Sat., at 2.15.

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513). Nightly 8.15. Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 2.15.
RUBY MILLER and Basil Rathbone.
"THE EDGE O' BEYOND"
By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing").

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
"WOMAN TO WOMAN"
Arthur Wontner. Wilette Kershaw.

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ENTERTAINMENTS—continued.

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"THE SPECKLED BAND."
By Arthur Conan Doyle.
Lyn Harding, H. A. Saintsbury, Mary Merrall.

THE GRAPHIC

THIS WEEK CONTAINS

A 20-page Supplement, giving a detailed description of the GREAT MOTOR SHOW at OLYMPIA and the WHITE CITY

THE SINN FEINERS IN SESSION

THE LONDON TUBE SCHEME
Mapped by GEORGE F. MORRELL

THE MYSTERY OF CARNAC, the French Stonehenge
Described and Illustrated by DONALD MAXWELL

THE BUMPER HARVEST of the MOORS and FORESTS

THE CUTTY SARK, a Famous China Tea Trade Clipper

And Other Interesting Features

PRICE - ONE SHILLING

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Simplifying our Speech

I AM entirely in agreement with Professor Walter Ripman, chairman of the provisional committee of the English Language Club, in his protest against the introduction of too many "high-sounding words" into our daily speech. Amongst words the Professor specifically mentions are "escalator," "kinematograph," and "perambulator." He votes for "pram," and "movies" or "picture palaces," and suggests "step-lift" for escalator. But about things so commonly referred to as are these, the Professor need not worry himself. "Pram" has won, or at worst it is "p'rambulator." The American "movies" did not catch on, and the great public has gone one better than "picture palaces"; "the pictures" hold the field to-day. One cannot think of that public adopting "step-lift," I cannot tell why, but it seems impossible. I am glad "escalator" has been deported to the country of its origin, and our own "moving staircase" does very well.

When We are Independent

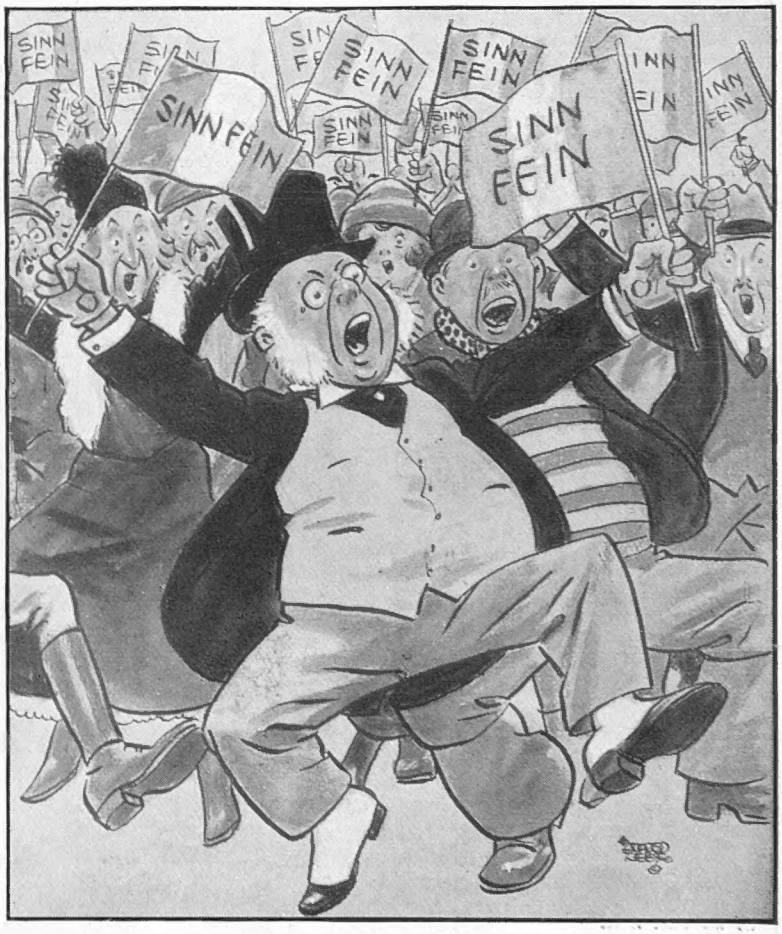
INDEED, I fancy there are few things to-day in which the English people show their independence more than they do in this matter of accepting or rejecting words, phrases, and songs. Whether they like them or not, they quietly accept all sorts of fashions, summer time, and all sorts of times for buying bread and biscuits, cigarettes, chocolates, and beer. They will stand in queues or not in queues, just as they are told—but no one, and no combination, can force a word, a phrase, or a song upon them. The cleverest writers and singers and composers are trying it on all the year round, but unless we like it we will have nothing to do with their offering. More often we will invent or revive something for ourselves. "Tipperary" was dug up by the first troops to land in France—it was several years old, but how many of us had heard it until then?

What do Girls Talk About?

"WHAT do girls talk about?" was the alluring headline I saw over an article the other day. I was surprised to see what a short article it was with such a title as that. But it was written by a man. He made little attempt to answer his own question. But he did suggest that our womenfolk do not "converse about things that matter," because men do not encourage them to do so. This may be true, in so far as it applies to men. I don't know. But do men, as a rule, encourage anyone to converse about "things that matter"? As a rule, I fancy, we like people, whether they are other men or women, to *listen* to what we think matters about things that matter, but we are not over-anxious to hear what they have to say about them—and it takes at least two people talking to make a "conversation." It is this masculine trait, I have no doubt, that has suggested the putting up in the House of Commons of those time-clocks which will mark the moment an M.P. begins and finishes his speech. I wonder what effect, if any, they will have!

Unselfish Conversationalists

As for what girls talk about, I am far too wily to pretend to have any deep or accurate knowledge on so wide and vague a subject. But I think that I may venture to go so far as saying that it depends, as a rule, upon whom they are talking to. Can we, credibly, say this about ourselves? I very much doubt it. Very often, I fear, if we cannot talk about what we want to, we do not talk at all. And in this we might very well take a lesson from



THE SOLUTION By Alfred Leete

Let's all become Sinn Feiners, and then the Irish will be all against it!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the womenfolk. If ever I have made my fellow-man suffer in conversation, and doubtless I have, I can only say that they have well earned it, and that I do not feel level with them yet. Honestly, I think that women, as a rule, are much more self-sacrificing conversationalists than are men. What they are amongst themselves I do not know—none of us can know. But when it is a case of men and women, far more often than not women are the less selfish conversationalists.

NOVEMBER FOG By Victor Hicks

Whistling and Work

Do you whistle on your way to work? If not, you should look into things carefully and find out whether you are working too hard or too regularly. I am surprised that more notice has not been taken of the address of Captain Elliot, M.P., to the Royal Institute of Public Health last week. He put forward the view that continuous hard work was probably not in accord with man's physiology. Captain Elliot points out that men do not whistle when going to regular work at regular hours, and that continuous hard work with regular hours is only a modern development. "An experiment," he calls it, and throws doubt upon its success. But perhaps we need not trouble ourselves about it. Apart, altogether, from unemployment, the whistling classes do not seem to need Captain Elliot's warning.

Wanted—Whistlers

A little while ago attention was drawn to the fact that we did not hear so much whistling in the streets as of old. The reason assigned was that the right sort of whistling songs were no longer being put forth. Mr. Donald Calthrop immediately advertised a prize for a "whistlable" tune. But no tune will succeed. Anticipating Captain Elliot's discovery, the Unions have passed the word, "No whistling," *or people will think that "hard work accords with our physiology."*

"COMING TO" By Fred Buchanan

P.C. Bull: "Don't crowd him! Give him air!"

Remember November

With the Romans it was the Ides of March: with us it is November. The schoolboy has long looked to Brock to help him to "remember, remember that fifth of November" when Old Guy Fawkes was baulked in his attempt to blow up the Commons, if not the Constitution. Then November 11 recalls the final thwarting of the German attempt to blow up the world: while in between these, on November 9, London's Lord Mayor comes into his kingdom to the delight of the Man in the Street

A Popular "Anachronism"

The Lord Mayor's show has often been criticised as an "anachronism." I venture, however, to suggest that it is on a firmer footing than ever, for we have all discovered that, if Democracy looks to the Future, it also clings passionately—if paradoxically—to the picturesqueness of the Past. That has been proved very vividly by the opposition to the removal of the City churches. Half a century ago, you could have carted away a dozen City churches or other

By E. T. Reed.

OTHER STARTLING HISTRIONIC PARADOXES

Suggested by "Margot's" appearance as "The Silent Lady." *(Devonshire House, Nov. 30)*

bits of old London with impunity. But now the "Woodman, spare that tree" cry checks the would-be "house-breaker."

Colour Amid Drabness

Personally, I love a Lord Mayor's show, even if it is not always adequate. In fact, I want more of it for it does add a touch of colour to our dingy drabness, and if we may not see the Maypole in the Strand, we have at least an opportunity of seeing the latest Whittington amble along in his coach.

The Past on the Stage

The same passion for the Past is shown on the stage, which is finding its fortunes in dressing up great historical figures. Here is Mr. Drinkwater making a little fortune with *Abraham Lincoln*. Then we have Queen Elizabeth, and Raleigh and Shakespeare in revue at the Vaudeville. Dante and Beatrice, Napoleon and Josephine at the Prince of Wales's. The old French actor, Deburau, was introduced to us at the Ambassadors last week by Mr. Loraine, and we shall shortly have Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

PRINCESS MARY IN THE NORTH

Princess Mary stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth while up North, and is here seen with Lady Maud Mackintosh driving, and Miss Alix Cavendish, Lady Rachel Cavendish, and Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

THE KING OF DENMARK

Reviewing priests in Copenhagen. The King, in full dress uniform, is in front of the Queen and Crown Prince

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Difficult and Delicate Office

PEOPLE are wondering who will be Lord Sandhurst's successor as Lord Chamberlain. It is a most difficult office, and at the same time a most thankless one. Every Royal function is arranged by the Lord Chamberlain's office. In recent years the lists for Courts and Levées have grown to a prodigious length in comparison with those in the reign of King Edward. They are all kept with meticulous exactitude. In fact, the whole of the office methods of the Lord Chamberlain's department were revolutionised by Lord Sandhurst when he succeeded his brother-in-law, Lord Spencer.

Amongst the duties of Lord Chamberlain is that of licensing plays. Lord Sandhurst was frequently fallen upon by irate dramatists and managers, but, as a matter of fact, the Lord Chamberlain acts upon the advice of the official Censor, rather like the Sovereign acting on the advice of his Ministers.

Lord Sandhurst filled his important office with great dignity. His unfailing tact was a strong tower to the ignorant or uncertain, and his imperturbable manner was a rock upon which exacting ladies with imaginery rights to Royal Enclosure tickets at Ascot hurled themselves in vain.

Lord Sandhurst succeeded his father, a distinguished soldier, in 1876, as second Baron, and was created a Viscount in 1917. He was married twice. First to a sister of Lord Spencer, and, secondly, to a daughter of Matthew Arnold, who was the widow of Lord Kimberley's brother, the Hon. Armine Wodehouse. Lord Sandhurst had no children, so the Viscounty passes to his brother, the Hon. John Mansfield.

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE OPENING OF MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY BAZAAR

Princess Marie Louise, who opened the above bazaar last week, buying a doll from one of the stall-holders. Lady Sheffield is on the left

Crushing

ONE is really getting rather bored with the unnecessary criticism and *dénigrement* of the Victorians amongst the young people. Let us grant, if you like, that Victorian art, literature, plays, and its social code were all the stuffiest of the stuffy, but when you go hitting the same nail on the head, day in, day out, the effect becomes monotonous.

Wherever you go where young men and maidens are gathered together you hear the same story of Victorian ineptness, stupidity, and dullness until one begins to think that these young people believe that the only way to glorify their own generation is to damn its predecessor.

This, of course, has been a commonplace in every generation, but I doubt if it has ever been quite so general or so bitter as it is amongst the young people of to-day. And they harangue older folk as if they, and they alone, were personally responsible for the Albert Memorial, green rep curtains, and Queen Victoria's bonnets

But sometimes the older folk turn and rend the baiters—I had nearly said professional baiters. A few nights ago a very clever young man harangued a drawing-roomfull of people on Victorian enormities of taste and misdemeanours in hypocrisy. Nobody could get a word in—edgeways or sideways. Gladstone at his worst could not have been more like a river in spate.

When the clever young man had finished there was a silence. Then, high and clear came a silvery voice—the voice of a dear old lady with masses of snow-white hair.

"Dear Mr. ———, if you live to be forty you will become quite garrulous!"

Photographs *L. E. A.*

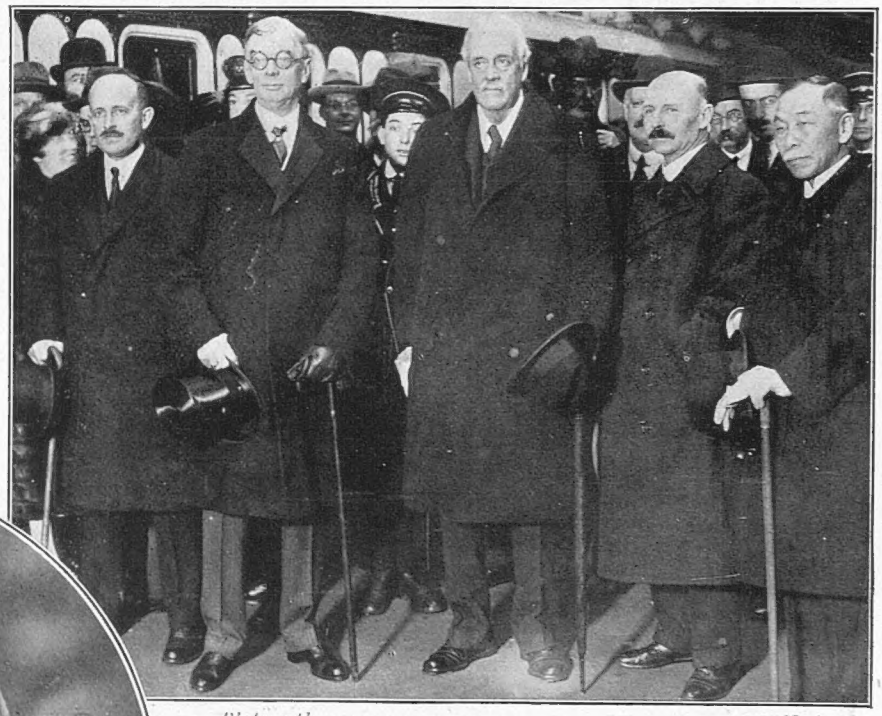
THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND LADY BADDELEY

Sir John Baddeley, who, to-day, officially becomes Lord Mayor of London, has had a distinguished Civic career and was knighted in 1909. He is the author of several books, principal among which is "A History of the Guildhall and the Aldermen of the City of London"

A Fond Father

MR. ASQUITH is the most devoted of fathers. Anthony Asquith, Mr. Asquith's Benjamin, has passed from the picture-suitings of Downing Street, by way of Winchester to the undergraduates gown of Oxford. But so devoted is the father that he spends a considerable part of his time in the 'Varsity city in order to be with his son.

Chacun à son goût—but I know a goodly number of young men at Oxford who would prefer to possess a more absent father.



Photograph *L. N. A.*

EN ROUTE FOR THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

Mr. Balfour, our political representative to the Washington Conference, on Euston Station before leaving for America on the "Aquitania." From left to right: Sir Maurice Hankey, Mr. Harvey (the United States Ambassador), Mr. Balfour, Earl Cavan, and the Japanese Ambassador

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

SAILED FOR INDIA

The number of people who have sailed or are sailing for India in consequence of the Prince's visit is making the "little season" even smaller than it might have been. A charming portrait of the Hon. Kathleen Pamela Boscawen, who has sailed for India with her mother, Kathleen Viscountess Falmouth

Tally-ho!

HUNTING began last week and, despite all the hard-upedness, and hard-hittedness it should be a good season. There are a hundred and sixty-eight packs in England and Wales, and although hunt subscriptions—like subscriptions of every other kind—have gone up, and nobody can afford to keep the same number of hunters as in pre-War times, there is every sign they will have a good following.

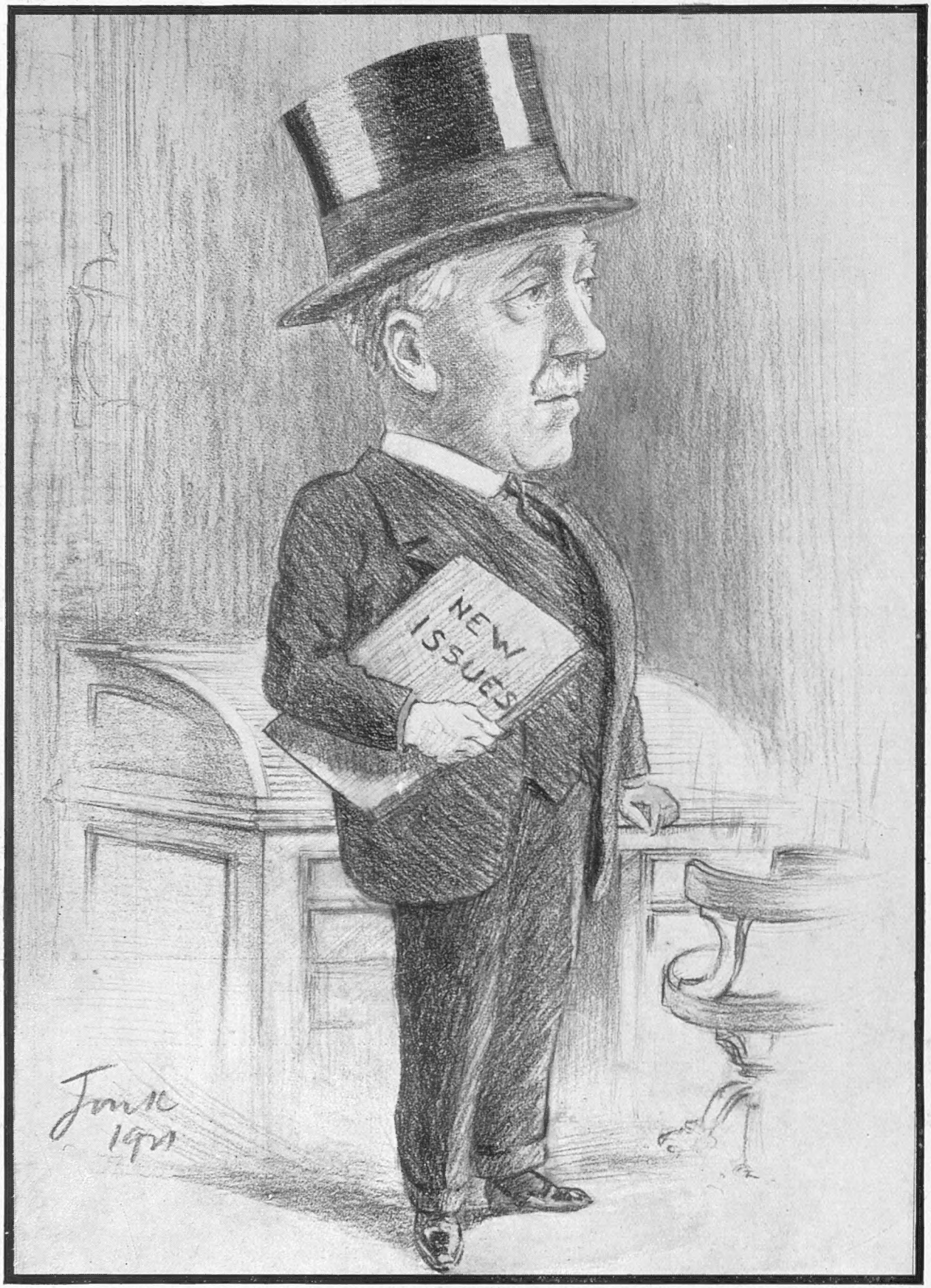
The leading hunts, such as the Cottesmore, the Belvoir, and the Quorn, I believe, have suffered more than any other, but they always came under the headings of "smart" and "fashionable," and were followed by people who can no longer afford to be either.

Over two hundred landed properties have changed hands since the War—that means properties of big acreage and big houses. New money and old acres. The newcomers for the most part, I hear, subscribe handsomely to the local hunts. In some cases such subscriptions have meant the continuance of the pack.

But there are hundreds of small properties of which no record is kept that have changed hands, small country houses from which men hunted one, or perhaps, two, days a week because they had lived in the country all their life and loved the sport. Their successors don't hunt, and even if such sportsmen can stay on they can't afford the hunt subscription

(Continued on page 295)

Stock Exchange Celebrities



No. IV.—THE DEPUTY CHAIRMAN

BY "JONK"

Mr. A. H. Campbell, who is always "at home" at the House when the Chairman, Sir Wilfred Atlay, is away. As Chairman of the Sub-Committee for New Issues he endeavours to burst any "bubble" companies that find themselves before him. Knows a lot about paint and painters and always spells art with a capital "A." Would give a great deal to spend his week-ends in Rome.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

Photograph Lafayette

MISS OSWALD-BROWN

The only child of Major C. R Oswald-Brown and Mrs. Oswald-Brown, whose engagement to Major E. J. H. Holley, M.C., the only son of the late Maj.-Gen. E. H. Holley, and of Mrs. Holley, is announced

Photograph L. E. A.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE

Miss Vera Piercy, only daughter of Major B. H. Piercy, whose marriage to Mr. Alasdair Dennistoun, Black Watch, only son of Lieut.-Col. A. H. O. Dennistoun, takes place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge to-day

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

MISS DOROTHY VERNON-HARCOURT

Whose engagement has just been announced to the Hon. F. S. Gough-Calthorpe, the only son of Lord Calthorpe, and the well-known cricketer

Photograph Hugh Cecil

MISS URSULA CHAMBERLAIN

Whose marriage to Mr. Basil Dugdale, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dugdale, will take place in December at St. Margaret's, Westminster. His fiancée is the only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Chamberlain

now. An M.F.H. friend of mine—who has carried on in spite of most trying difficulties—tells me that in his country the "one-horse man" has disappeared from the hunt. He regrets it greatly because they were such "thorough sportsmen."

So hunting, like a good many other things, seems to be passing into the new hands into which money has flowed during the War. Perhaps this is why the *Morning Post* reprinted "Borderer's" series of "Don'ts" for those who go a-hunting, the other day. It was originally published in *Bailey's Magazine*, and seems to be considered necessary just now.

Vive l'Entente

THERE were great doings at the Institut Français in the Cromwell Road last week when M. Raymond Poincaré and Madame Poincaré went on there after lunching with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. Outside a Levée or a Mansion House dinner I have never seen such a bevy of Ambassadors and Ministers Plenipotentiary.

The French Ambassador, the debonair Comte de St. Aulaire, did the honours, as it were, making a speech of welcome which was at once charming and serious. Mr. Fisher, our Minister for Education, followed. He spoke in French with the *mot juste*, and an accent one very rarely hears from an Englishman. Both he and the Comte de St. Aulaire underlined M. Poincaré's great services to the *entente* between England and France. It is well these things should be said publicly by the representative of France and a Minister of the British Crown, for M. Poincaré has been a pillar of strength and support to the good feeling between the two countries.

During the afternoon, Madame Bohn—who has done so much for the Institut Français, which is one of the most interesting institutions in London, with its frequent conferences and lectures—was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour for her services. So we Britishers had the opportunity of seeing how they manage "decorations" in France. M. Poincaré pinned the Cross upon her dress and then kissed her warmly upon both cheeks.

When one thinks of some of the estimable ladies who have been decorated in England, one cannot help reflecting that our Sovereign has been greatly spared.

I noticed that the speakers all addressed M. Poincaré as "M. le Président." I wonder if this is a courtesy

Photograph G. P. U.

THE PILLING-SIMON WEDDING

Which took place last week at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, between Mr. W. B. Pilling and Miss Simon, the only daughter of the late Mr. George Humphrey Simon, of Hold, North Wales

Photograph] LADY GLENCONNER [Hugh Cecil

The beautiful widow of the First Baron Glenconner, whose engagement to Viscount Grey of Falloden has just been announced. Previously she was Miss Pamela Wyndham, the daughter of the Hon. Percy Wyndham

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

IN AID OF CHARITY

The Hon. Mrs. Hulme Lever, the beautiful wife of Lord Leverhulme's son, is helping in the organisation of the Devonshire House Ball

extended to Presidents of the French Republic after they have retired from office? It would be interesting to know.

India and Washington

It seems to me that everybody who can manage it is going to India for the gaieties and festivities of the Prince's visit, and I'm told, too, that Americans are being bombarded by their English friends and acquaintances for accommodation—hotel and otherwise—for the Washington Conference. We English certainly do like to be on the spot when anything is going on. There was an old lady who took lodgings for years close to Osborne during Queen Victoria's visits there because, she said, it was good for her health, and she would "like to be near if anything happened."

On Crossing Arms in Buses

It behoves all male creatures to have a care how they sit in buses. A few days ago an acquaintance of mine was in a crowded bus and was, consequently, obliged to "perch" on the extreme edge of a seat. Naturally he crossed his arms over his stick to prevent himself being pitched on to the laps of the people opposite.

He noticed that his left-hand neighbour, a man, kept edging away until he almost had his back turned upon him. At one of the stopping-places the man rose to get out. Bending down, he said to my acquaintance:

"You haven't brought it off this time! Very simple, isn't it—the right hand hidden under the left elbow? I learnt that little dodge last week when one of your kidney got my pocket-book. But I've done you to-day!"

It is not pleasant to be regarded as a pickpocket, especially when you are an eminently respectable person, so don't cross your arms in buses.

Home-Made Sales

When you come to add up the number of people one knows who are forced to sell their treasures in the way of furniture, old glass and silver in these days the total is distinctly disturbing. Of course, if you have a lot of good things the expenses of the sale-room don't matter so much, but when you have only a few the auctioneer's charges make a big hole. I have just heard of an ingenious plan which seems likely to be followed.

A man had collected old furniture for years. Income-tax and the other burdens under which we stagger and try to look cheerful forced him to sell. With the exception of two or three pieces it was not what the catalogues call a "choice selection," but all that he had was genuine. He knew it would make no "splash" in sale-rooms. So he advertised a sale in his own house in the morning papers. When folks arrived to buy they found an exact description of date, origin—in some cases the actual history—on a ticket fastened to every piece of furniture, together with the price asked.

At the end of the day every single thing offered had been sold, and beyond the advertisements the seller had not a penny of expense.

Photographs] VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH [*Bassano Ltd.*

Who has promised her patronage to the Devonshire House Ball in aid of the People's League of Health, to be held on November 25. She is the wife of the eldest son of Lord Reading

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage—No. 7

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Blood Pressure

BY A. WHATOFF ALLEN

CHLOE has always had a predisposition towards falsehood. Crudely speaking, she tells lies—unnecessary lies that have not even the merit of serving any useful purpose.

I am not an intolerant husband, and have always treated her failing as nothing more than a harmless and amusing social gift. Her juggling with truth might evoke an indulgent smile from me, but I have never set myself up as a moral fop.

"Chloe," I said one morning at breakfast, laying aside my paper, "for your own sake this will have to stop."

She shot me an enquiring glance.

"This toying with facts," I explained. "I have it on the authority of the British Association that every lapse from strict veracity increases the pressure of your blood. You are frittering away your health, and one of these days you'll tell such a whacker that you'll——"

"Pish, Toby, darling!" she laughed.

I fancy she meant "bosh!" It is inconceivable that, meaning "pish," she should have said it.

"But the British Association!" I expostulated. "You can't dismiss a weighty body like that with a puff of your breath. Science——"

"Pish, two tuts and a bah, Toby, dear!" she answered. "Have some more coffee."

I left it at that, but my mind was made up. I would not connive at her suicide. Nothing should persuade me to stand idly by while her arteries were distended with falsehood. Better a thousand times that she should have gout! "The next time she tells me a lie," I vowed, "I shall come down on her with the full force of my marital authority."

The opportunity was not long delayed. On my return from the City I found her sitting on the couch looking dangerously demure and prim.

"Well, darling, and what have you been doing all day?" I asked, with charming solicitude.

"Thinking of you, Toby, dear—nothing but thinking of you," she answered, sweetly.

"Chloe," I said, sternly, swinging round a chair and seating myself opposite her with heavy solemnity, "that is a lie!"

She started, flushed crimson, and uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Oh, Toby!" she cried. "You brute!"

"Possibly!" I answered, callously. "But if someone doesn't pull you up you'll lie and lie and lie until your veins are like motor tyres. I can't believe a word you say to me. Your lips are tainted with falsehood!"

She shrank from me. A look of unutterable anguish was on her face.

"Toby, don't! You're hurting!" she pleaded.

But I was not to be moved by appeals to my pity. Even now she was lying. Her tell-tale cheeks were growing redder and redder beneath the pressure.

"You are surprised and pained at my sudden attitude," I went on, "but you are not repentant. If I can only make you realise the gravity of the matter—of frittering away your health for the sake of this pernicious habit, I shan't have pained you in vain. It's not moral uplift I'm aiming at: it's your physical well-being. For the sake of it I am prepared to sit here until you promise me that you will never lie again. Do you hear?"

Chloe nodded. Another lie! She had not heard: the vein in her neck betrayed her duplicity.

I leaned forward in my chair and looked her straight in the eyes. She winced and bit her lip.

"Let me explain—" she began.

"I want no explanation." I interrupted, roughly. "I ask for your promise, and you try to wriggle out of it. Here I sit until I get it."

She closed her eyes and sank back on the couch with a moan.

"Won't you try, Chloe?" I pleaded, softening a little. "Won't you try to rid yourself of this awful incubus? Won't you make an effort to throw it off? I'll help you."

"If only you weren't so appallingly heavy, Toby," she said, cynically.

"I am conscious of lacking your glib flippancy," I replied, icily.

She broke down completely at that, and began to sob.

"Toby, I can't stand it any longer," she whispered. "The leg of your chair is on my foot!"

"IS THAT YOU, DARLING?" By Alfred Leete

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

"TABLE DOTE"

A Slipped Clutch!

BY NORMAN KEENE

TROUBLE WITH THE "GEAR BOX"

CUSTOMS IN CLUBLAND

BY "BOW-WINDOW"

A London club has recently been convulsed over the question of whether or no its members shall be permitted to smoke pipes upon the premises; at another the question of dressing for dinner has been fought strenuously in debate; and at yet a third the question of the admittance or non-admittance of guests in the coffee-room has been revived. Small matters though these all may seem, they are yet very integral parts of that unique phase of society, London club life.

For as the Roman was known by the way he wore his toga (I hope I have it right!) so are the older London clubs most jealously bound by their especial customs. In one club you do not speak to a man unless you know him, and not necessarily then, unless he seems conversationally inclined; in another you are hail-fellow-well-met with everyone once inside the door. The ban on pipe-smoking, non-admittance of guests, taciturnity or loquaciousness, all of these customs are held in veneration by the older members of the clubs where they exist.

> When these are gone by with their glories,
> What shall rest of thee then what remain?

says (though, perhaps, less poetically) old Colonel X, glowering at Ensign Y.

Ensign Y, we may say, has just entered the club in his "plus fours" after a day's golf, and grumbled loudly as he suddenly remembers that he can't dine in the coffee-room unless he goes home to change.

"A club ought to be made a convenience to a fellow, not a parade-ground," says Ensign Y. "Blessed if I shan't take my name off at the end of the year and join the 'Skittle Players.' Now that is a useful place if you like—no blinkin' restrictions there; you can dine when you like and how you like, invite your lady guests, and squat in the sun and smoke a hookah on the front door-step if you want to."

"Tcht! a regular pot hole," snorts Colonel X.

The above little dialogue may be said to represent the two schools of opinion to-day. Some are in favour of the retention of ancient glories; others clamour for more convenience. I don't propose to rush my views into print, for the very good reason that I have no pronounced opinions one way or the other. After all, a club should be a happy, genial institution, suiting, as far as possible, the tastes of everybody. If the sight of young Binks puffing a pipe is going to give old Mr. Foozle a heart attack during the critical half hour when he is digesting his luncheon—well, things are not going to be any pleasanter for anybody.

A little reflection explains the origin of the present state of unrest. Firstly old man Mars, whose shoulders must be nearly broken by the blame for mishaps that has been heaped upon them, is the culprit. People formed certain habits during the War (I am talking entirely about club customs *bien entendu*) which they still find it difficult to break themselves of. An ex-soldier who wants to smoke a pipe or dine in his day clothes is, naturally, irritated to be told he can't. Secondly, shortage of cash among that section of the community that form the London club-world. Once, if a man belonged to one type of club where he knew certain customs were in force, he would never have dreamed of suggesting they should be altered; he would simply have joined a second club where the rules were different. To-day he can't afford to pay the extra subscriptions, so he resigns from one club and clamours for changes to be made to suit his convenience in the other.

I have said I would express no opinion on these matters. I may, however, safely echo what the voice of the majority are saying—that is, that the members who want changes will have to be met to some extent, at any rate, or many clubs will be unable to carry on.

A BLOW FOR BACHELORS

By J. Beale

[A heavy tax on bachelors has been suggested.—Daily Paper]

"No, Alfred, I know what your affection is worth. Can you deny that you want to marry me for YOUR money?"

The Bystander in Paris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

WHIRL OF WINTER WOES A-WAGING

MES AMIS—

THERE is, one has the fear, the great danger to get lost in the whirl of the determination to do which has so suddenly come upon our peculiar Paris. Since that the sunshine had in April fixed us in the radiance that promised to become permanent there had not been the wish to do at all. There had just merely been the desire to be. But now that the winter has succeeded to press forward into place there has been the complete change, and everyone does appear to have the intention to make up for the past idleness by to do as much as possible in the very least amount of the time.

FOR myself, I have to confess that I do not care for all this hustle. It is all very well for New York, or, perhaps, even for London, but not for Paris. One has the preference for Paris to be leisurely. But there is at present an almost general intention to put into practice the words of the old song of ragtime. Not only is everybody doing it, but everybody is doing it Now. And what is the more terrible is that it is the unpleasant people who are doing the most doing and also introducing the most insistence on the Now.

FOR example, there are the landlords — than whom, of course, there are no more unpleasant people. One is able to speak without the bias because I am fortunate to possess the exception among the landlords. One, therefore, speaks of the *propriétaires* in general. Well, these unpleasant persons have been infected with the germ of to do in the direction of the new leases. And the new leases, for those who have received them, are full of the terrors of the new restrictions.

AS you know, the leases for a Paris flat about enough large to hold a family of Rumpelstiltskins has always been a document of the most fearsome. One has always been under the threat to receive the *congé* if one does not occupy it *bourgeoisement*. And as one has not ever been able to discover what precisely is *bourgeoisement*, there has been the permanent opportunity for a landlord who has ceased to have affection for a *locataire* to say that the *bourgeoisement* clause has not been complied with. But now the landlords have included the additional precise restrictions which make the blood run cold to read. One has been shown to me last night, *en effet*, which has said that the *locataire* must not wash his own *linge* in the precincts of the *appartement*. This is full of the dreadful possibilities. There is not only the question of the profiteer prices of the *blanchisseuse*. There is the more difficult problem of the *locataire* who has only one *chemise*.

"Under the threat to receive the congé"

THIS kind of *locataire* is more numerous than you might imagine—*vu* the continuance of the Dear Life. It is beyond the possibility of the *locataire* with one *chemise* to send it to the *blanchisseuse*, because she keeps it for so long time. If one shall no longer be permitted to wash it in the *cabinet de toilette*, then one shall not be able to have it washed at all. And if one has the unwashed *chemise*, then one can certainly not occupy the *appartement bourgeoisement*. There is the catch both the ways. It is suspected that the landlords have made the alliance with the *blanchisseuses*, something like the alliance of the bishops with the *couturiers* who wish to make the long skirts. But the landlords will not have done it for the purpose of the morality like the bishops. It is thought more probable they have arranged it on the terms of the commission. For the number of the single-shirts is, misfortunately, high.

"The locataire who has only one chemise."

(Continued on page 304

The First "Uncle"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE REAL ORIGIN OF A WELL-KNOWN LONDON SHOP SIGN

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The man will have only to pay the amount which has been registered upon the clock"

AMONG the other new activities there is one which has somewhat of the appeal to me. It is the proposal of the *taxi-danseuses*. This is the scheme which offers a lady partner to dance at a fixed price of so much money for four minutes. The lady will be able to dance to the perfection but she shall not be able to demand the extra price for the extra skill because she will carry a little meter like the taxicabs. This ideal has the appeal to me because it has the promise to be a great blow for the Gigolos. If the lady partner to dance can be borrowed at the fixed price, then it seems certain that the man partner to dance shall be compelled to have the similar regulations. One has said that the ladies who have the destiny for this occupation shall be *les Anglaises*. That is because they can be obtained to pattern, and may be induced to have the steps to standard.

IT is, of course, impossible to persuade the Parisiennes to conform to pattern. One has not ever been able to discover the French regiment which can march to step in the despite of the discipline. They are able to fight as well as anybody — and perhaps better than most — but the ability to march to step does appear to be beyond the acquirement. So if they cannot do this, it is not to be expected that the individualistic Parisienne shall possess the power. There is, perhaps, also the additional motive behind the selection of the English girl for the profession of the *taxi-danseuse*. That is the question of the system to tip. The manager who has had the idea will be well aware that the English girl would have the horror to take the tip, and that in this way the man will have only to pay the amount which has been registered upon the clock. But if it were a Parisienne of the type which does frequent the *dancings* one would receive the hints for a tip which would be much more costly than the dance.

ALL those *demoiselles* who at present succeed to earn a considerable income by to dance for tips alone will be very angry, of course, with the new system. That is to be expected. But they have never revealed a lack of the talent of invention, so they will be able to take the adequate care of their own interests.

THERE is, in fact, not any limit to the extent to which the Parisienne of all brands will go in the determination to attain the objective. As a witness is the case of the heavy-weight ladies who are too big for the fashions of the present, and who go to have themselves reduced by the skill of the surgeon. The fashions have been designed for the sylphs and do not at all fit the ladies with the too *belles poitrines*. However, the ladies and the surgeons together have been able to prove that if the fashion is not made to fit the wearer, well, the wearer is always able to be made to fit the fashion with the aid of a little carving in the back. It is very terrible, is it not? But there is the look that almost everything goes to be terrible this winter, after the so joyous six-month summer.

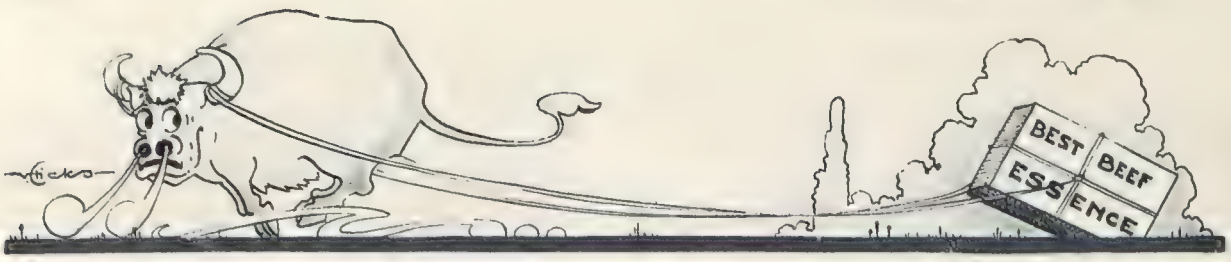
ROLAND

"Fashions have been designed for the sylphs"

Naval Economies—No. 3.

BY LIEUT-COL. E. G. O' BEUTTLER

Expenditure of ammunition for firing salutes shall be discontinued. The gun's crew will go through the proper motions, the sound of explosion being provided by the bursting of paper bags



DRAWING HIS OWN CONCLUSION

By Victor Hicks

That Little Brown Dream

BY W. K. CRAMPTON CHALK

Down into the sunny park she flitted, the little brown Dream, gave me a golden glance from out her brown, soft eyes . . . the little lips quivered into a smile . . . my little head quivered into the clouds . . . and a ponderous scooter, recklessly propelled, came quivering into my calves! With a hoarse shriek and a complicated fancy dive I took to the neighbouring lake!

O-o-o-o-h! As I smote the water a hundred gaping nursemaids gave shrill tongue, in cheerful sympathy. As though it was *their* funeral! And on the bank a slight, girlish form, a dream of Brown, gazed pathetically toward my embryo corpse; whereat I almost liked drowning. Then she screamed "He'll never c-c-come up again," and fainted.

Pandemonium! A blubbering, hirsute tramp began to anathematise me as a heartless suicide who had thus flung upon the world a starving wife and many children. He went on to still further children, and many wives. Seizing the challenge an elderly lady (of the Committee to Assist Inebriate Suicides) at once started a collection for my dependents, bewailing loudly, the while, that I could not swim—a particularly mean libel, which I instantly disproved (by standing up on the lake bed).

Alas! This re-appearance of the drowned only infuriated the crowd. Would they be thus baulked of their prey, of their legitimate amusement? Never! From every quarter of the wind came hurtling life-belts and lassoes. Never, while one effective missile remained, should I leave that lake alive! Have at thee! Thou false suicide! And over came a park chair, followed by a log that I only just dodged, and a child's toy cart (the occupant of which had been thoughtfully removed).

The game was up; in solemn surrender I waived my arms; I agreed to drown. For death by drowning were better than to be thus massacred!

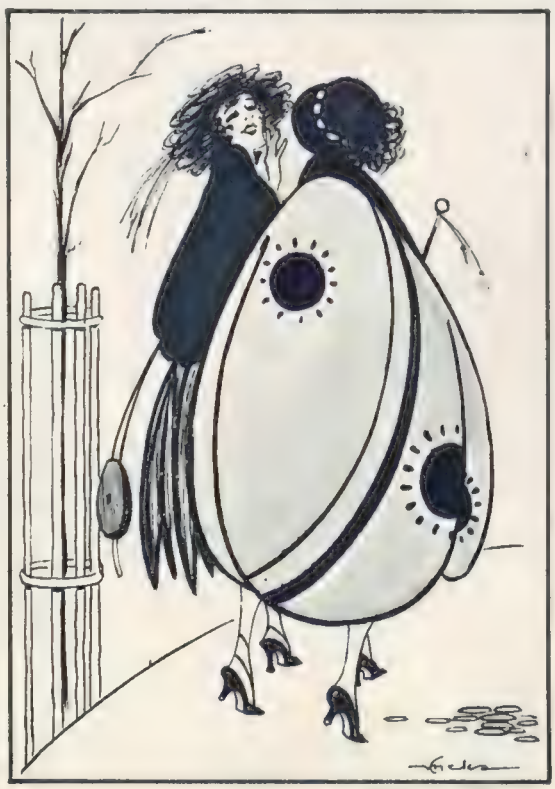
Vain hope! *À bas les aristos!* Another barrage descended upon me, and another, whilst the tramp shouted for 'elp!

'Elp, indeed! And they, the curs, about two hundred against one! Inspired by this cowardice I girded my loins (which, by interpretation, is "hitched up my slacks"), and made for the bank. I lost my footing in the mud, but was hauled ashore suddenly by strong and friendly hands.

Then, ye gods, how my heart fluttered! Close by, pale with awful grief, stood the little sweet brown Dream! And above me, of all wonders, old George, the chap I hadn't seen for years. "George, I am sober; I swear it!" I said this because the crowd in general were audibly doubting it. Only the dear Dream looked down in sympathy, sympathy like the soft radiant warmth of golden autumn.

"That girl, George!" I whispered. "You seem to know her—can't you introduce me?—I lost my head, you see—absolutely fell in love with her. . . ."

A chilly pause. Said George, "So did I; that's why I married her. . . . !"



By Victor Hicks

THE ONLY WAY

"I can't imagine how you get money out of your husband"
"Oh! I simply say I'm going back to mother and he immediately hands me the taxi-money"

WHY IS IT—

That the average person gives so much time to other peoples' affairs and so little time to his own?

* * *

That a woman never wants to be taken at her word, especially when she means what she says?

* * *

That a man would sooner have a pretty woman look at him with one eye half-closed than with both eyes wide open?

"Is Marriage a Bar?" queries a contemporary. No, but it often drives men there!

After Seven Years

You will find, if you leave a French hotel only having tipped half the staff, that you nullify all social friendliness

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Sun

urrender

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Bear Hunting in the Apennines

AFTER THE KILL

Prince Amedeo of Savoy, who is a nephew of the King of Italy, has been spending some time at Abruzzi, a little spot high up in the mountains. He has had some excellent hunting, and is seen with one of the bears which fell to his gun

Photographs] WITH PRINCE AMEDEO IN THE APENNINES *[Keystone View Co.*

His shooting party, with loaders and beaters, pose for the ubiquitous camera after successfully disposing of a bear. He is the eldest son of Prince Emmanuel, brother of the King of Italy

NOCTURNE

by D. NEVILL HOWARD

MARION WINSLOW took off her hat and stared at her own reflection in the little boarding-house mirror. No vanity prompted the action; the features pictured before her discontented eyes were not calculated to give any satisfaction to their owner. The hair, flattened unbecomingly from the pressure of a hard felt hat, was of the lank, whispy variety that refuses to be wooed by any device of art; dark hair, showing obtrusive streaks of grey that emphasised, rather than otherwise, the sallowness of the skin and nondescript features. The mouth only held possibilities of beauty, but its fine lines were spoiled by a weary droop.

Marion shivered.

"You *ugly* sight!" she exclaimed between her teeth. "Oh, you hideous object!"

She ran impatient fingers through her hair, which fell back into much the same listless folds. "Grey, too," she muttered; "Why should I be grey at thirty-five when other women aren't at fifty?"

Through long years under the blistering suns of India her mind had conjured up wonderful pictures of this furlough in England, when she would dress like other women, and hear the unfamiliar words "Miss Winslow."

And now that the dream had come true she found there was no place for her. Her strenuous life amongst men, with never a woman of her own class to speak to, much less to call a friend, had given her what might almost be called a male outlook on things, and these people round her in the dining room of the very ordinary sea-side boarding house failed to arouse in her any feelings beyond a slightly contemptuous pity. One or two had made affable attempts to get acquainted with her, but these had met with such impenetrable reserve that they had thenceforth left her alone, and she was now realising that "home" could be infinitely more lonely than anything she had experienced, even in the unbeaten tracks of the Fever Belt.

With her mind dwelling a little bitterly upon these lines she finished her solitary dinner, put on a cloak, and sallied forth, in company with the rest of Seamouth, to listen to the band. She chose a seat a little apart from the rest and settled down to watch the ever-moving throng. The young girls attracted most of her attention. There were crowds of them, each with an attendant swain, each looking happy, each, to this plain woman's longing eyes, beautiful.

There lay the sting. From her girlhood onward no man had ever looked at her even as these boys were looking at these girls. It was not the men's fault, she freely owned—what had she wherewith to attract male attention? The most she had ever read in men's eyes was gratitude, a thing which but few women can boast, but which she found infinitely unsatisfying.

The band slid into a soft refrain that throbbed an insistent appeal to the senses. A couple came and sat in the seats next to hers, and in the white glare of the arc-lamp above them she could see the man's face as he turned towards his companion. He was speaking in a low undertone, while his eyes searched her lovely little face, finally resting on her full red mouth.

The girl laughed—a low, contented laugh, which drove Marion to her feet. She could endure no more, and moved quickly out of the ring of light and life into the pitch darkness of the deserted parade.

Here in the inky darkness she could listen to the distant strains of the band mingled with the lapping of the waves without the galling flaunt of other women's pleasures being displayed before her eyes. She idly watched the twinkling gleam of far-away light-ships as they winked knowingly at each other, and something of the peacefulness of the night enfolded her. She found herself humming the lilting air which had followed the sensuous melody.

A voice close to her caused her to start violently.

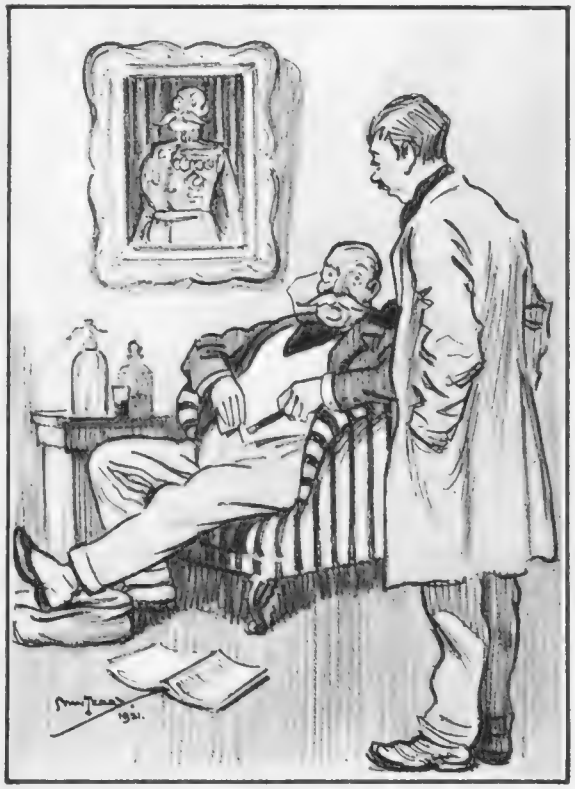
"Nice tune, that," it said. It was a man's voice, fine-toned and cultivated, and her heart jumped absurdly.

"Do go on humming," he begged. "Your voice is all music."

Marion almost gasped.

"I—I didn't know anyone was on this seat," she said foolishly. "It's so awfully dark, isn't it?"

There was a slight pause, then—



THE EXPERT By STAN TERRY

Very Old General (to ex-Service man who has applied for post as valet): "You know, I'm an awkward case to deal with. I've got a glass eye, a wooden leg, and a wax arm that need looking after, in addition to false teeth and a wig."

Applicant: "Oh, that's all right, sir. Before I joined the Army I was six years in the assembling department of a motor works!"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"NOCTURNE" (*concluded*)

"Yes," he agreed, "awfully. Have you any objection to talking to a person you can't see?" he added.

Sensations were crowding down upon Marion, and the band and waves and light-ships became non-existent. She laughed softly.

"Why should I have any objection?" she countered.

"Then do talk to me. Your voice is all music, as I said before, meaning no impertinence."

She put her hand up to her throat, which seemed to be throbbing uncomfortably. Nothing must spoil this whirling experience born of the blessed darkness. She would take this sparing gift of the gods, even though it be but half an hour of life in a grey existence; take it and live it up to the very hilt.

"What shall we talk about?" she queried, softly. "The weather, the band, or the latest play?"

"Heaven forbid!" he laughed. "Surely we can find something less futile?"

"India?" she suggested, tentatively.

"Ah! You have been there?"

"For fifteen years on and off—mostly on," she answered, adding laconically, "I'm an Army nurse."

"Wonder of wonders!" he ejaculated, slowly. "You must know the land of dust and disappointment even better than I do! Were you moved about much?"

He drew her into giving an account of some of her experiences, listening with an absorbed interest that was balm to her sore mood. They discussed life in India, and he told her what she had already guessed, that he was a soldier. He had had the good luck, he added, whimsically, to get his regiment before being hashed up on the very eve of peace.

The strains of the National Anthem came floating down the soft breeze, and brought Marion back to the present with a jolt.

"Ten o'clock!" she exclaimed. I must go in!"

"Must you?"—there was very distinct regret in his tone—"May I hope we shall meet again?"

The words rang in her ears as she walked slowly back to the boarding-house, and all the bitterness came back with redoubled force. Meet again—very likely in the merciless glare of sea-side sun, which would show him every defect she possessed and make him turn from her in careless disappointment! She shivered at the thought. Better leave it as it was; just the one little episode she had craved for; something she could dream about when lying panting under a punkah in the stifling tropical nights.

And yet the following evening found her passing the same alcove seat at the same hour. She turned round, passed it again and finally, with an access of daring, seated herself in the same corner as before.

"I was wondering when you were going to settle down!" he remarked.

She laughed, and they fell easily into conversation.

When ten o'clock came she left him with a promise to return the next evening, and so again the next and the next. Day followed day, and Marion Winslow dreamed her way through each, waiting for the golden hour after dinner.

At the end of a fortnight Marion bravely faced the fact that the greatest happening in life had come to her—that she was in love, and that she must bring an end to the episode before she lost her head. Her way was not made easier by the certain knowledge that this disabled man, alone in the world as she was herself, was silently holding out to her the offering of his heart. He had talked casually of pretty women several times, and had said he wished he could see her. Such remarks had caused her very heart to stand still, but always the friendly darkness had saved her. To her his face was but a dim patch against the black gloom, and she knew that hers must appear the same.

She crept into her seat on this night that was to end her dream, and after a few attempts to talk as usual, they relapsed into silence. There was always complete sympathy in their silences, but to-night there was something more. She felt as if life itself were being taken from her, and her brain seemed numb.

At last he spoke.

"Marion," he said, using her Christian name for the first time, "I've come to the conclusion that it would be best for me to go away. Perhaps you can guess why."

She clenched her hands deep in her lap, and hot resentment against the will of fate filled her. She was going to be saved the dreaded dénouement, but oh, it was hard—hard!

Her answer came slowly. "No," she murmured, "I can't guess."

"I will tell you," he said, gently. "You may not believe it, but in this last fortnight I have learned what it is to meet the one woman which life holds, I suppose, for every man. Had things been different I should have asked you if you could carry a wonderful friendship into a life-long companionship. As it is—I can't."

There was a long silence, while the woman's reeling brain took in the low-spoken words. She had never expected this. He had been so frank about himself, his life, his people. There had been no hint of tie of any sort——

A little, choking sound escaped her, and in a moment he was beside her, his hands on her trembling ones.

"Marion!" he whispered, his voice strained and husky, "Don't for pity's sake! It's been bad enough, without the thought that *you* might care. Oh, heaven, I can't stand this!"

She forced back the tears which she was sure must be dropping on to his hands, and made a little movement away from him.

He sank back into his corner with a heavy sigh.

"I'm not surprised you turn away from me," he said, dully. "I'm every sort of a cad to let myself go like this, but perhaps your sweet nature will some day find forgiveness for a blind man who—loved you."

There was a whirling pause, then Marion caught her breath sharply and leaned forward.

"*What* did you say?" she asked, tensely.

"Only that I am blind," he responded. "I fancied that you had guessed it."

In the deep stillness that followed she spoke his name, and her voice was all music.

The distant band broke into a lilting melody, and the light-ships winked knowingly at each other.

D. Neville Howard

A "Dig" at the Doc.

BY BERT THOMAS

POMPOUS PHYSICIAN *(to man plastering defective wall)*: "The trowel covers up a lot of mistakes—what?"

WORKMAN: "Yus, guv'nor—and so do the spade!"

FEM

HEATING

THE open grate is passing away. I think there can be few who do not regret it. No other fire gives such comfort and delight, and such a temperate and healthy heat. But even those, and I am one of them, who most dislike gas fires and closed stoves, are everywhere giving way to their many advantages, to their greater simplicity and cleanliness, and their great saving of labour. Yet we shall still long for the bright flames of an open coal fire and the crackle of logs and the soft glow and smell of peat, and I think that, whatever its disadvantages, we shall, most of us, continue to keep at least one room with an open grate.

OF the different methods of heating, other than coal fires, the simplest and cleanest is the electric stove. Its one disadvantage is that it does not give enough heat in really cold weather. The least satisfactory is the hot water radiator. Like the gas fire and the anthracite stove, it makes the air unpleasantly dry, and it is the most cheerless and comfortless of them all. One can sit round a gas-fire or an anthracite stove. One can feel their heat coming out, and there are flames to watch. But

AN EVENING FROCK

Of delicately watered silk with a collar of venetian silver lace, fastened by an ornament of jade and diamonds

I have never heard, even of Americans, who pride themselves on being much in advance of us with their heating, sitting round a hot water radiator. It is fit only for offices and hotels, or as a subsidiary form of heat in very large rooms. It is too cheerless and not sufficiently simple for small private houses, although it was one of the features in that house of many marvellous contrivances which Denry Machin built for his mother in Mr. Arnold Bennett's

A SOUTHERN MAID

Black crepe Marocain, with drapery of crepe to match and embroidered in bright sapphire blue makes this attractive model. A pom-pom of sapphire blue sets off the hat of plain black felt

THE CULT OF THE SHAWL

An exceptionally beautiful black Spanish shawl embroidered in attractive colouring over a frock of black charmeuse heavily trimmed in jet; the tall comb is of lace and imitation diamonds

Photographs by Bertram Park

The Card. But Denry did not explain to his mother, and Mrs. Machin, apparently, did not realise that water does not become hot merely by being put in radiators, and that hot water pipes mean a fire somewhere to be lighted and kept alight.

FOR small houses and flats a combination of gas fires and an anthracite stove is the simplest arrangement. One good-sized anthracite stove in the principal room, or in the hall, is sufficient to keep the whole

INA

BY MRS. M. VINCE

of an ordinary flat, and the greater part of a small house, fairly warm. I have heard people complain of the smell of anthracite stoves, but I have never found it myself. A pound or two of silver sand inside the top of the stove keeps all smell away. Anthracite is more economical and gives more heat than gas. It is always burning, and helps to keep the flat or house warm night and day. There is a good anthracite stove for cooking. There is also a "studio" stove, which only needs replenishing every three days, so that one could go away for a week-end and come back to find the place ready and warm. One good anthracite stove, and then gas fires in the other rooms, is the simplest of all ways of heating a house.

AN AFTERNOON GOWN

This grey velvet frock, with long flowing sleeves of like-coloured georgette, is further enhanced with a belt embroidered in steel, while the long silk fringe is also stitched with steel

GAS fires are continually being improved, and there is now to be had a combination gas fire, gas cooker, and gas circulator for the bath, which is the most convenient of arrangements for small kitchens. There has always been one objection to the gas cooker. In the winter the kitchen range must be lighted for warmth. But once a cook has got used to gas she will not cook on a range. She will use the gas even when her fire is lighted. It is this waste that these combination gas fires prevent. They make it possible to do away with the kitchener altogether.

WITH all these methods there remains this one great objection, that they make the air so dry. You have only to see how quickly plants droop and die when kept all the time in rooms heated with gas or anthracite to realise how their heat changes the air. There is only one thing for it. People must make up their minds, when they give up their open fires, to keep more open windows and to air their rooms more frequently. Few people realise how much of the tiredness, after a day's work in the winter, comes simply from the hot, dry air of radiators and gas fires, and so, if we are not to lose more by these than we gain, we must see that our windows are kept open. M. V.

THE "ZOO" COAT

Of blue velvet, lined with gold tissue and trimmed monkey fur, the embroidery wonderfully stencilled, representing various birds, beasts and reptiles

VERY STRIKING

A white velvet gown trimmed with monkey fur, the drapery being caught up on the left side with a large yellow rose outlined with crystal gold lace. The long flowing sleeves and head-gear are of gold lace

Models by Maison Getz

"Polly with a Past"

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

MISS IRENE RUSSELL

A striking photograph of this pretty actress who is now touring with Mr. Nelson Keys in the American farce, "Polly with a Past"

"WELCOME STRANGER"

AT THE LYRIC

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

THIS is an amusing play, the object of which is, apparently, to proclaim the outstanding virtues of the guileless Hebrew in our midst. It goes out of its way to pat the Jew on the back, or, rather, to give him a regular, right-down, royal thump of welcome. In some communities, I gather, Jews are not regarded as altogether desirable citizens. It was so in the little American town in which the scene of this play is laid. There, the leading lights of the place, including the Mayor, the Banker, and the Lawyer, maintain a very fierce boycott of the invading Jew. When one of the tribe comes into the lobby of the "Grand Hotel," which is little more than a back parlour with a stove in it, and, doubtless, a discreet cuspidor in the background, the reception clerk is notified by furious nods and winks that he must on no account extend the hospitality of the place to one of the Chosen People. So the unhappy Hebrew has to go out into the snowy night and take a train for somewhere beyond the horizon line.

THEN Isidor Solomon (Mr. Harry Green) arrives at the hotel. His face is mostly concealed by a muffler as a protection from the severe weather, and the worthies of the Town, assembled round the stove, at once extend a hearty welcome to the stranger within their gates who has had to fight his way through the wind and the snow. But

GEORGE ELTON AND HARRY GREEN

by these good townspeople when he entered the hotel. He is looking for a place in which to open a clothing store, and he thinks a Town where the leading citizens are so warm-hearted will be the ideal spot for his purpose. But it so happens that there is already a clothing store in the Town, and there is not room for two. Therefore the proprietor of the established store makes a

they have no sooner helped to unwrap him than they discover that he is one of the undesirables, and their attitude towards him changes at once. As before, they notify the reception clerk that there must be nothing doing. But Solomon is more of a diplomatist than his fellow Jew who has just shaken the snow of the place in anger from his boots. He affects amiably, and even smilingly, to realise that sufferance is the badge of all his tribe, and if they cannot give him a room—well, he will just sleep on a chair in the lobby. He cannot forget the warm welcome extended to him

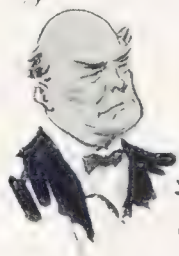
personal matter of it. He tells Clem Beemis to wait till everyone else has left the hotel and then to fling the intruder neck and crop out into the snowy night.

You must meet Clem Beemis (Mr. George Elton). He is an inventor. Of course, we are all inventors more or less, as David said in his haste ; but Clem is a man with a great idea. At present he is penniless ; but if he can carry out his scheme of harnessing the power of the local waterfalls, and thus establishing a far-reaching system of electrification in those parts, he will be a rich man and the one-horse town will become the metropolis of the county. So far he is regarded merely as an inoffensive person with a bee in his bonnet, and when the time comes for him to throw Solomon out into the cold, hard world he cannot help mentioning his idea and his prospects. Solomon is at once interested. The scheme appears to offer a clear prospect of picking up money in large quantities, and they say that that sort of thing makes an irresistible appeal to the normal Child of Israel. After a careful examination of the scheme Solomon decides to let the clothing industry slide and to take up electrification instead. His difficulty is that he cannot convert the stock he has brought with him into ready cash all at once, as it consists for the most part of ladies' stays, and I have been told, and have also modestly inferred from casual glances about me on the King's

highway, that there is, in these times, no very great demand for this class of goods. And it is certain that nobody in the Town, least of all the anti-Jew banker, will advance money on the security of Solomon's merchandise.

BUT Solomon smiles his way through all obstacles. To begin with, by going into partnership with Clem Beemis, he shares Clem's home, and has thus a bed to sleep in, which, on account of his race, he could not secure anywhere else in the Town. He puts all his available cash into Clem's scheme, so that finally he has not the money to pay the fire insurance premium on his stock. The value attached by the Jewish fraternity to this form of easy money is so generally assumed that it would have been a pity if advantage were not taken here to comment on the fact. Solomon makes the usual allusion accordingly, and it is received with joyous laughter. Once in a Yiddish theatre in the East End I heard the same joke made and it nearly caused a riot. When the Town worthies hear that Solomon's insurance policy has lapsed they, as it were, leap for joy. Their obvious course is to set fire to his stock, and if that does not shift him out of the place, then nothing will. It so happens that the fire proves actually beneficial to Solomon, but by no design of his. It is a pure and *bona-fide* accident.

BUT from that moment Solomon has to fight the Town; and as this is a play designed to show what a fine fellow a Jew is, it follows that he fights all the time with scrupulously clean hands; while it is to be regretted that his persecutors are not always so careful in their methods. He is the long-suffering alien, taking his medicine jestingly, and smiling in the face of every drawback till the electrification scheme reaches its magnificent triumph. He turns the other cheek to the smiter and forgives those who spitefully use him, and there is no room in his heart for envy or hatred or malice. And when the time comes for him to mete out justice to his oppressors he mixes it up so freely with mercy that you can hardly tell which



is which. Indeed, the marvel to me is that, in these days of elaborate lighting effects, means could not be found to provide him with a shining halo at the close of the performance.

BUT the charm of the play does not lie in the mere demonstration that a Jew can be quite as good a citizen as any other man. That would be only ploughing the sand. The chief attraction is Mr. Harry Green's forceful personality. He speaks in the plaintively humorous way that gives point even to commonplace remarks, and the occasional sharp comparisons between Jewry and the rest of the world lose any sting they might otherwise have by the homely and amusing way in which

they are made. If there is a joke to be cracked about the traditional Jewish cast of countenance, Mr. Green does not hesitate to crack it, and the laugh comes as readily from his own people in the audience as from the ordinary unregenerate. Miss Margaret Bannerman plays a rather slightly defined part with much sweetness and sympathy, and supplies the element of daintiness to the piece with her usual charm. The spectacle of a young girl trying to teach a businesslike and argumentative Jew the rudiments of Christian Science is a form of humour that may not be universally popular, but, as it does not offend against my own private canon, I am bound to admit that I found it very amusing. And on the night of my visit the laughs came in the right place from the rest of a crowded house, so, I suppose, there is nothing much to worry about. On the whole, *Welcome Stranger* affords a very agreeable evening's entertainment. JINGLE

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 7

DEAR COUSIN—

ARMISTICE Week . . . is it really just three years since that fateful moment when the end of the interminable War came at last, with a shock almost of surprise, infinite relief that was chequered with unending grief, deep joy mingled with bitter tears?

卐 卐

THERE was to be a new world starting right away, wasn't there, when the War finally and at last came to an end? This was the great and decisive fight of ideals against brutality, of right against might, of outraged justice against the tyranny of insolent materialism. For this our brothers and husbands and sons and lovers poured out, oh! so bravely and heroically, through pains and tortures almost unbelievable, their dear and precious blood. For this we, too, suffered, only with pride and hope always in our suffering. . . .

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourned for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

卐 卐

AND when the great moment did arrive after all the long days and weeks and months and years, that seemed more packed with fears and agonies than any mere ordinary century could be—

Everyone suddenly burst out singing . . .
Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun. . . .

卐 卐

CAN'T be really as much as three years, can it? or surely that old millennium would have blown in long ago. Nothing very revolutionary or world-shaking, somehow, seems to have happened . . . yet. The lion doesn't appear to be exactly lying down with the lamb, or navies and armies to have gone into liquidation, or the Law Courts to have closed up, or the profiteers to be sharing any very considerable portion of their profits with the less enterprising citizens who were just foolishly wallowing in the mud and blood of France and Flanders and Mesopotamia and places while they earnestly and diligently piled them up here at home. . . .

"The profiteers don't seem to be sharing"

卐 卐

CAN'T be *really* as long as three years. . . . And yet . . . and yet, some ways, seems almost more. "The grass grows thick upon the English graves," and, here in England now, doesn't take any really *frightful* stretch of the imagination to picture yourself (except for the prices of everything) back right in pre-War days. "Irish crisis" once more. "Issue of peace and war to be decided within next few days," and all that sort of thing. Quite takes one back to the happy old times of 1914, doesn't it, before the real War broke out? Can it be *only* three years?

卐 卐

RATHER faded into the Ewigkeit, too, that old War, hasn't it?—and I'm not sure many of us aren't rather conspiring to help it to—

Now that the rust upon the sword is creeping,
While still uprears no new Jerusalem,
But Pity stands dry-eyed and Love is fled,
And even Hate itself lies mute in sleeping,
Dare we remember them?
Dare we commune with them, the deathless dead?

Dare we remember? Do we remember? I wonder. This week at least, I think, I hope, some, anyway, of us will,

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

however far away and remote those old and tragic and glorious days may seem.

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WHICH certainly we're celebrating—if *that* counts for anything—with even more pomp and circumstance and trumpets and shawms than almost ever before, this year as ever is. . . . Armistice dances, right and left — special *cotillons* and things at Ciro's, great "revels" at the Grafton, a wonderful "Cease Fire" effort at the Empress Rooms, and, of course, *the* big show of the week, the Victory Ball at the Albert Hall, where, by the way, we're going to dance Armistice Day *in* instead of out.

卐 卐

IN aid, you know, of the Boy Scouts (not to mention Girl Guides), this last (but not least) Armistice joy-night is —and a very good cause, too, to feel you're supporting as you dutifully fox-trot or shimmy round the spacious and reverberating area of the Albert Hall, what? So pleasant, I mean, while you're having quite a bearable dancing night to the well-known music of the giant Corelli-Windeatt band, or joyously scrambling for supper in the gallery somewhere among the rafters, to know that you are (apart from any mere individual pleasure), carrying out a Good Work and helping towards the £200,000 that the Prince—Gorblessim—is appealing for so's to keep the home scouts scouting and all that sort of thing.

"The mud and blood of France"

LOVELY new dancing place (while we *are* on that subject) just opened at the Diplomats' Club in Bond Street, which is a sort of kind of Embassy; only lots more room to move about in, and the food (and drinks) as good as pretty well anywhere in Town. Rather love, too, I must confess, being ushered into my little table *à deux* (or more if nec.) by such perfectly beautiful powdered and be-wigged and white-stockinged henchmen as the two who guard the portals of our very newest dancing club. Where, by the way, all the band wear large-rimmed American glasses that make them look very fierce and play fiercer still.

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YET another of the picture galleries this, by the way, for which we've discovered a new night-time use—which reminds me that at the Grafton these Saturday nights we dance around the Portrait Society's new and, as always, rather intriguing show. Headed, of course, by Mr. Lintott's Lady-Diana-in-bed, *very* flat (the picture, not the lady). And including a fat and satisfied looking "F. E." by Harrington Mann, a plump and toothbrushy Orpen of the P.M., some Augustus Johns in his best Academy manner, and to give us the proper *épaté* feeling that no show would be complete without—Guevaras of Lady Curzon and Lady Cunard so positively marvellously crude and staring and elementary-looking that one feels quite certain only one of the world's geniuses could have done them . . . or, anyway, have got them hung!

卐 卐

AND talking of leading double lives (places, not people, I mean) went to a really rather wonderful new thing in dress shows one afternoon last week at the Everyman Theatre in Hampstead—where they're also having some quite new things in plays by night. It was Mrs. John Fortescue's (whose "Cintra" frock business you may have heard about), and on the stage, with the best limelight to show them up, were lovely ladies (not to mention a baby) displaying to our enraptured gaze all sorts and kinds of her newest creations, from old Italian brocade gowns to modern Shetland sports clothes. Simply heaps more thrilling and enthralling than any mere ordinary *matinée*, what? And don't believe even Owen Nares or Gerald du Maurier themselves could ever have filled the "house" so to overflowing!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"At the Diplomats' Club"

By FIELD, STREAM & COVERT

Photograph *Photo Press*

THE MASTER, COMMANDER DAVEY, IN FULL CRY WITH THE DARTMOOR HOUNDS

HUNTING NOTES. By A. W. COATEN

The Prince Abroad

ONE who will doubtless be casting a thought back to these days of opening meets is the Prince of Wales, who is certainly keener on fox-hunting than on any other branch of sport. Last winter he immensely enjoyed his round of the various packs in the Shires with the companionship of Captain Drummond, and there are very few men to whom it has fallen to see more varied sport with hounds in a single season.

Pig-Sticking

POLO comes next on the Prince of Wales's list of favourite sports, though, so far, he has not been able to get that continuous practice in the game which is necessary for real proficiency. I observe that during the short time he was on shore at Malta he found time to play in a polo match, and, it seems, was particularly well carried by one of Admiral de Robeck's ponies. In India he will, no doubt, have the opportunity of seeing a new phase of polo, and in all probability will be given his introduction to the strenuous sport of pig-sticking.

Historic Bedale

LADY MASHAM was among the M.F.H.'s who decided that there should be no delay in starting the "real thing," her pack, the Bedale, being one of the first in Yorkshire to open the regular season. The market place at Bedale has been the place appointed for opening meets for more than a century, and its old-fashioned Black Swan Inn has been the scene of innumerable merry foxhunting gatherings. One hundred years ago it was the custom of the members of Raby Hunt to dine there at least once a week. The club had their own cellar of wine, and a chairman or president was selected for each club dinner. At last week's opening meet the opportunity was taken of making a presentation—a striking painting by Mullings—to Mr. John Moubray in token of his great services in the Mastership of the pack. A presentation was also made to Mr. E. H. Courage, who had achieved excellent work as secretary of the Hunt.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE KENNEL CLUB RETRIEVER TRIALS

Lord Chesterfield and Major H. Twyford at the Kennel Club Trials held at Crown Point, near Norwich

Some More Changes

TIME was when foxes were unknown on the Isle of Wight. It is recorded that the first examples of the breed were imported from the mainland in 1845. Since then they have uninterruptedly provided excellent sport in this bank and ditch country. Mr. J. Willis Fleming, who became Master of the Isle of Wight Hounds last year, has now been joined in the command by an equally keen sportsman, Colonel P. House, of Privett, near Portsmouth. By the way, an

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

A snapshot taken recently at Badminton House, Gloucestershire, with a favourite hound of his pack, "Pedlar"

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT (concluded)

addition has to be made to the list of foxhounds which we published some weeks ago. It appears that the Staff College pack, formerly confined to the drag, will in future hunt foxes twice a week. The country has been lent to them by the Garth and Chiddingfold Hunts, and under the command of Major Wyndham Torr the prospects of sport are very satisfactory. You can get to their meets from Camberley, Wokingham, or Aldershot. A. W. C.

Photograph *Central News*

A WEEK-END SHOOTING PARTY

At Colonel Grant Morden's seat, Heatherden Hall, Ivor Heath, Bucks. From left to right (sitting): Mrs. Neligan, Lady Ferguson, Comm. Neligan, Mrs. Colyer-Ferguson, Mr. F. W. Ashe, Lady Cadman, Miss Patricia Morden, Lady Worthington-Evans, Miss Barbara Morden, and Miss Agar. (Standing): Mr. John Wilson, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Plunket Barton, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Lt.-Col. Grant Morden, M.P., Sir John Cadman, Sir John Ferguson and Lord Gisborough

Photograph *R. Bell Bolton*

A FAVOURITE SALMON POOL

Acklington Dam Pool, on the river Coquet, is a frequented rendezvous of both fish and fishermen. This was taken on the last day of the season as the evening shadows began to fall, while good sport was being obtained owing to recent floods there

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Opening Attractions

TO-DAY we have two interesting affairs in the Knowsley Nursery and the Lancashire Handicap at Liverpool. Class is well represented in the former event. I have an idea that it will be won by **Leighon Tor.** This filly very much impressed me when she scored at Newbury, and I think she is likely to prove herself uncommonly smart. The Lancashire Handicap will bring out some good long distance performers, and my pick among them is **Harrier.** Lord Derby has two others in the race, neither of whom I should fancy as much as Harrier.

Leighton's Chance

WILL Leighton go one better on Friday and win the Liverpool Autumn Cup? I do not think a three-year-old has ever taken this race under anything like the weight which Leighton is called upon to carry, but then not many three-year-olds of his quality have ever run for it. Make no mistake about it, Leighton is a great colt, and only sheer ill-luck has caused him to have such a disappointing season so far. I fully expect him to make a brilliant show on Friday.

An Open Race

IT will be interesting to see whether Leighton can give 8 lb. to Monarch, whose gameness is unquestionable, though perhaps, this journey is a little bit far for him. Square Measure and Blue Dun are both entitled to our respect, while Envoy's extra weight does not put him out of it, for Mr. Harry Brown's colt won in a trot at "Ally Pally." Crubenmore, too, is fancied, so you see this handicap is agreeably open and looks like furnishing plenty of excitement. My faith is in **Leighton,** who I hope to see put up a new record for the race.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. V. P. MISA

A study of the well-known amateur rider and owner, who is still a dangerous quantity in the saddle. Mr. Misa's son, Major J. Misa, is a chip of the old block, and one of our coming G. R.'s. One day, perhaps, we shall be treated to a rousing finish between the two

"Follow Lambton"

IT is usually a sound policy to "follow Lambton" at the Liverpool meetings, and though the Stanley House stable has been quite out of luck for a long time past I dare say it will manage to pick up a few races this week. It seems to have a very fair chance of capturing the Liverpool St. Leger on the opening day, probably with **Fair Amazon,** who will not have an easy job if Westward Ho comes out against her. The same stable seems to have a good prospect of winning the Witherslack Nursery on Friday with **Hairspring.** I expect Front Line will be a strong order for the November Hurdle Handicap on the concluding day, but as **Lord Thanet** has had more recent experience over the sticks I give him the preference.

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Lawn Tennis Links Up with Golf—

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

—On the Links of the Coombe Hill Club

Where on Wednesday last, the Lawn Tennis Golf Cup, for golfing lawn tennis players of both sexes, was competed for under handicap. The cup and the scratch prize were both won by C. J. H. Tolley, the amateur ex-champion of golf, who is also a lawn tennis player of promise, with a fine round of 72 + 4 = 76. There were fifty competitors

THE PHILISTINES SCORE A GOAL

In their hockey match against Oxford University at Richmond last week, in which Oxford, who are still in the experimental stage, were beaten by four goals to three, after holding their own up to half-time. The winners played four half-backs and no goalkeeper

TENNIS

A Boom and its Upshot

Not for a long time has so much tennis been played in this country as is being played now. Indeed, when one remembers the limitations imposed upon it by the fact that it can only be played in specially constructed courts (of which their are, comparatively, only a few in existence) the game may be said to be enjoying a positive boom. Concurrently with this boom, and perhaps in some measure because of it, the standard of play at the Universities has reached an unusually high level. This has been emphasised by the results of the matches recently played by Oxford and Cambridge against strong teams of Queen's.

Skill at the Universities

So high, indeed, are R. H. Hill, of Cambridge, and V. A. Cazalet, of Oxford, rated at the present time that if an International side were being chosen consisting of four players these two would both have strong claims to inclusion in it. As it is, there is in contemplation a match between the Universities and the Rest of England which, it is hoped, will be brought off before Christmas. It is fully expected that the Rest, even with the strongest side they can muster, will be hard put to it to win.

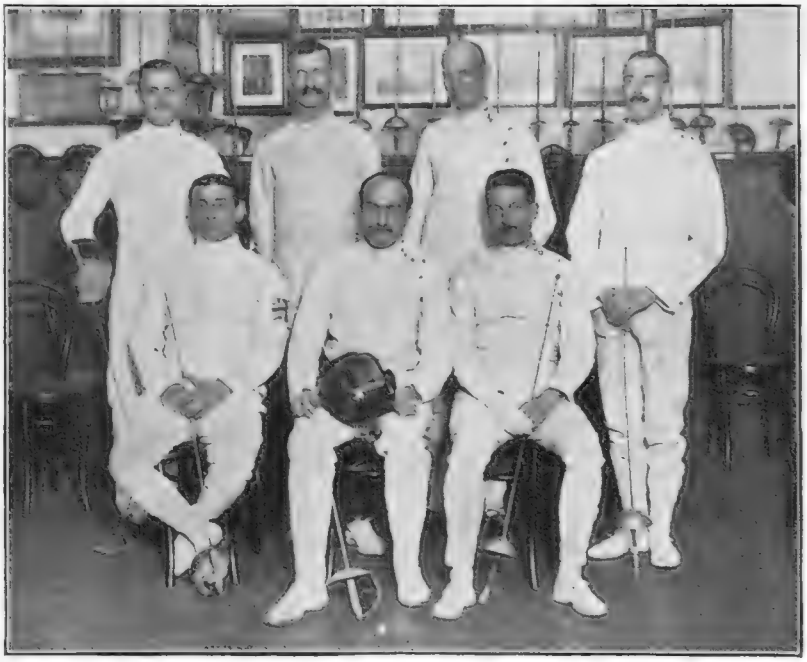
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Praise for the "Pro"

I have lately received a letter from a correspondent who signs himself "an Amateur Goalie" and does not reveal his real name. He seems to be somewhat upset by my remarks in The Bystander of October 19, upon the evils of professional football, for he is at considerable pains to inform me that he has played quite a lot with professional teams, has always enjoyed doing so, and has found them good sportsmen, honourable opponents, and so on. I am not in the least surprised to hear it. I myself regard the professional footballer as a most estimable person. He works pretty hard; his job is by no means an easy one; he performs it conscientiously to the best of his ability; and he plays the game. Of course, there are exceptions, but what I have said is not giving more than their due to professional footballers as a class.

Three Blemishes

If my anonymous friend had read my notes in The Bystander of October 19 a little more carefully he would have realised that I have no quarrel whatever with professional football as a game or with the people who play it. What I am mainly concerned about is the pastime of "following" professional football which I do not regard as a healthy one. My chief objection to it are that it leads to gambling, partisanship, and loafing. These are three instances of a thing which, harmless enough in itself, can become harmful if carried to excess. There is no harm in backing your fancy now and again if you can afford to pay what you stake, but this is very different from betting for betting's sake. Neither is there any harm in taking sides; but if you are so keen about your



Photographs *Sport and General*

THE BRITISH FENCING TEAM

Now on their way to the United States to compete for the America Challenge Cup

Back Row (*left to right*): Captain Wand-Tetley, R. M. P. Willoughby, J. P. Blake, R. E. Cole. Front Row: Lieut. C. A. Kershaw, R.N., Col. R. B. Campbell, D.S.O., Major R. Frater

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

side winning that you don't care about anything else so long as it wins, you become a partisan, which is even more deleterious to yourself than to the sport in which you are so perversely interested.

Playing by Proxy

AGAIN, there is no harm in looking-on at a football match now and again, but it becomes harmful if you make a hobby of it to such an extent that it is practically your only form of "exercise." We seem to be acquiring the habit of paying others to play games for our edification because we are too lazy to play them for ourselves, and I am entirely at one with those who see in this a grave menace to our efficiency as a nation. As for that threadbare argument (which, incidentally, my anonymous "Goalie" has trotted out with due solemnity) that looking-on is less harmful than most things, it leaves me quite cold. Can it be seriously contended in these days that a young and active man should aim at nothing higher by way of recreation than a pursuit which does him the minimum amount of harm?

LAWN TENNIS

Tolley's Golf Club Win

A GOOD many people were probably not aware that Cyril Tolley, the amateur ex-champion of golf, is also a lawn tennis player until they read in the papers that he won the Lawn Tennis Golf Cup, which was played for over the course of the Coombe Hill Club last Wednesday. This competition—now an annual affair of some standing, which may possibly lead to the formation of a lawn tennis players' golfing society—is open to members of lawn tennis clubs affiliated to the Lawn Tennis Association who have a recognised handicap at golf, and the cup is won by the competitor who, in one round of 18 holes under handicap, returns the lowest nett score. Tolley did a wonderful round of 72, which, with his handicap penalty of plus 4, gave him a nett score of 76, and landed him two strokes ahead of Miss E. G. Johnson, who, with the useful allowance of 19 strokes, achieved 78.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS PHYLLIS LOBBETT

Who, in the November Medal Competition of the Lady Golfers' Club at Beaconsfield last Thursday, went round in the fine score of 80, which equals the Ladies' Golf Union par of the green, and won the medal with 80-6=74

His Chances in Lawn Tennis

IN the course of the day the suggestion was heard that the competition is intended for lawn tennis players who play golf, and not for golfers who play lawn tennis, but where and how are you to draw the line? In which category, for instance, would you put Mrs. McNair who plays golf and lawn tennis equally well? And there are, and have been, others of marked proficiency at both games, such as Major J. C. Parke, Norman Brookes, and the late H. L. Doherty. Then, again, there are others like Lord Charles Hope, who was also playing last Wednesday (handicap plus 4 at golf),

(Continued on page 330)

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"I should like to add how thoroughly satisfied I am with this necklet of your Ciro Pearls, and it has given me great pleasure to recommend to your firm any of my friends who desired that which it is extremely difficult to obtain at the present day, namely, excess value and unlimited satisfaction from the outlay of a small sum of money on any of your pearl ornaments."

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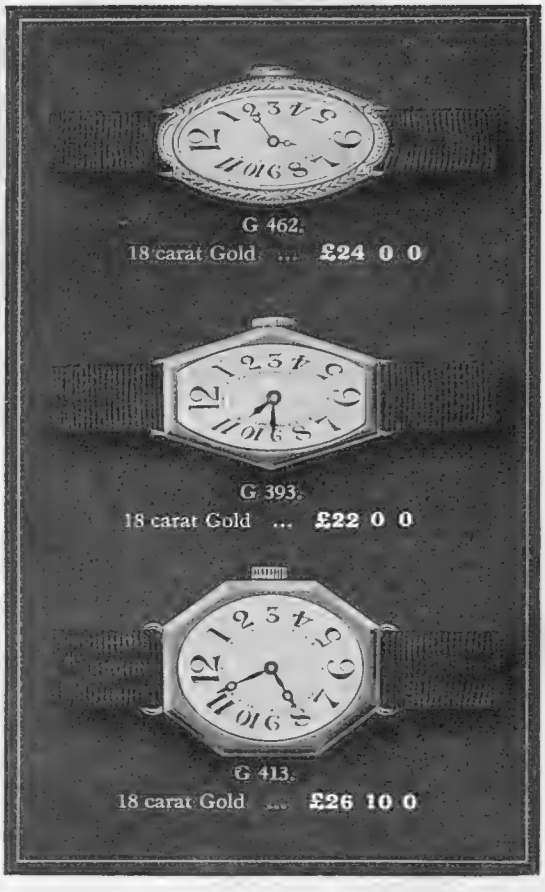

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who take part in open competition at both games, but are better at one than the other. Tolley himself won the mixed handicap with Mrs. Satterthwaite at the recent Covered Court meeting at Llandudno, and in the singles handicap was beaten by the ultimate winner.

Photograph] A MATTER OF INCHES *[L. N. A.*

At the finish of the Blues' 150 yards handicap in the Oxford Freshmen's Sports on the Tuesday of last week. Beverley Smith (Christchurch), 2 yards, just beat A. C. R. Boulton (Merton), 8 yards, for first place, and G. M. Bruxner (University), 6 yards, was third. The time was 16 1-5 secs.

He hopes to play a good deal of lawn tennis in the future, and if he does there is every chance that he will forge ahead rapidly, for he has all the makings of a fine player. Some, indeed, see in him a prospective candidate for International honours.

Scotland v. India: A Withdrawal

IN last week's BYSTANDER I threw some doubts upon the validity of the match between Scotland and All-India which had been played at Highbury the week before. I am glad to say that they have since been dispelled. After remarking that it was quite possible that the encounter had been duly authorised and approved by the Scottish Lawn Tennis Association, in which case it would be entitled to rank as an International Match between the two countries named, I went on to say that I did not think that this authorisation and approval had been obtained, because nothing at all was known about the match at the offices of the Lawn Tennis Association in London until the reports of it appeared in the daily papers. I accordingly suggested that to describe one of the teams as "Scotland" would appear to amount to something like misrepresentation.

The Better Way

HAVING now ascertained that the match was duly authorised and approved by the Scottish L.T.A. I, of course, withdraw the suggestion of misrepresentation, and am pleased to be able to do so. At the same time I still think it a pity that the Lawn Tennis Association, which is the governing body of the game in Great Britain and her Dominions, and to which the Scottish and All-India Associations are affiliated, was not consulted, or even informed, about the holding of the contest. It is arguable that the consent of the parent body to a match of this importance (played in England) ought to be obtained; it is, at any rate, desirable that it should be obtained. And since there is little doubt that the Lawn Tennis Association would have readily given that consent, it seems to me that it would have been far better to ask for it. H. S. S.

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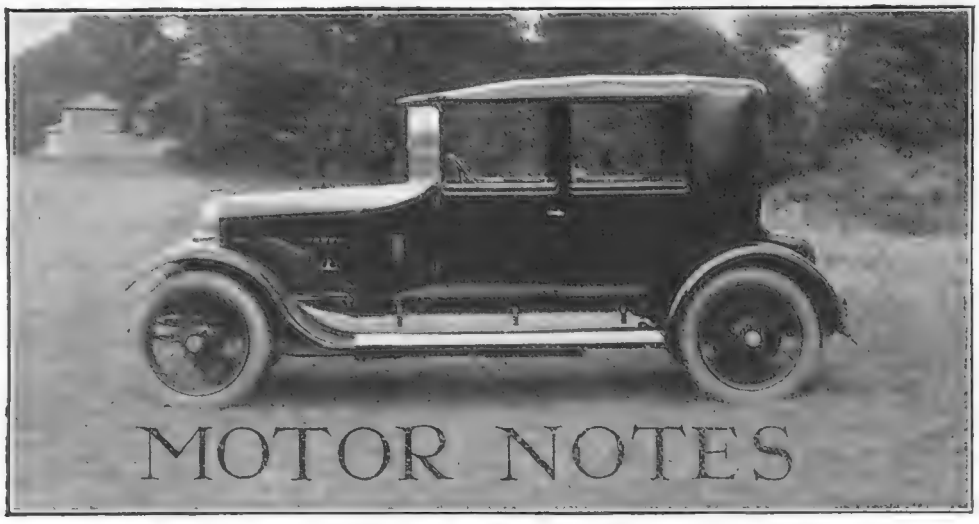
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 9/11



AN OWNER-DRIVER'S 25 H.P. ALL-WEATHER VAUXHALL

MORE ABOUT THE MOTOR SHOW BY "OLD HY."

THOSE in a hurry really want a guide in this present motor exhibition. In the first place, having well studied the advertisement pages to discover the right priced article they want, the next thing is to know where to find it. I propose to help them. First get into your mind that all stands numbered 1 to 213 are at the White City, of which 1 to 103 are in the left-wing when facing the kiosk in the entrance hall, and that numbers 104 to 213 are on the right of that landmark. Then the Motor-Boat or Marine Section of the Show is also on the right-hand side, and their stand numbers range from 521 to 564. Why this jump in numerals I don't know, except, perhaps, it is to add to the confusion, as 500 to 521 are in the Gallery at Olympia. But there! it's all in the fun of the fair.

* * *

As for Olympia, the stand numbers in the main hall and its annexe on the ground floor run from 216 to 398, of which the car stands are numbers 238 to 317, the carriage builders' section numbers 318 to 353, and the accessories and components numbers 354 to 360. Up in the Gallery the tyre and wheel section occupies stands numbered 475 to 494, while the accessory and component dealers' stalls are numbered 399 to 474 and 495 to 520, which is as clear as can be, isn't it? Puzzle—find what you want. Possibly this, too, is not an easy task, so, again, I proffer help with no extra charge, nor do I ask you to mention me to the stands you call upon. That's sordid journalism, this is an art work. I will presume you will insist upon going to Olympia first and find yourself on the steps of the main Addison Road entrance, the crowd jostles you and attempts to sweep you down the centre gangway, *le grand nef*, as the Frenchmen call it. Take my advice and swing round to the left and make for the Wolseley stand, No. 303, taking the third aisle to the left to get to it, and you won't be too crushed. Also, it is the best stand in the whole exhibition to get comparative values, whether you want a most luxurious limousine or landaulette, a touring car, or a two-seater small car. All these types in different horse-powers are staged on this stand, and their price and value is the best ready-made rule handy to pass your judgment over the other exhibits. Here's your standard for comparative values. Also you have around you Lanchester, Napier, Renault, and Rolls-Royce towards Addison Road, and Cubitt, Darracq, Vinot, Sunbeam, and Talbot in the other direction.

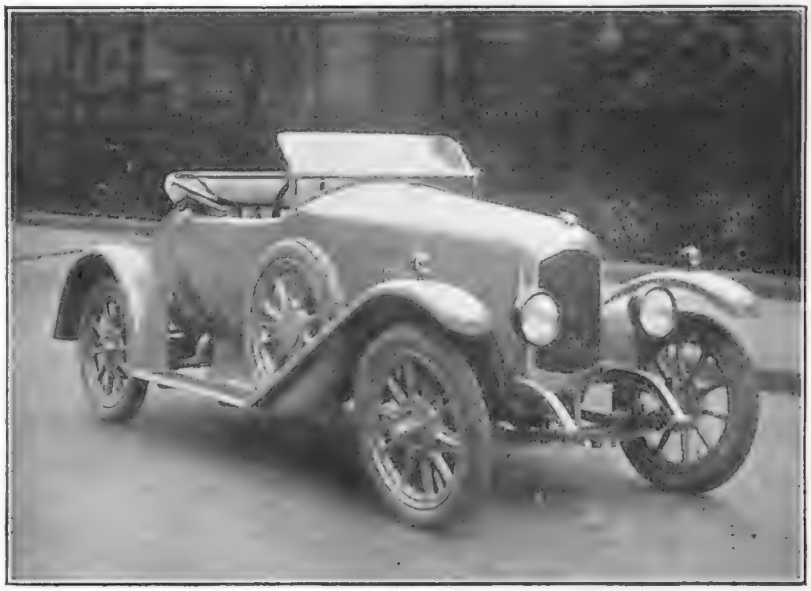
* * *

IF time is short, then just walk through the carriage section to the exit at that end of the building, and mount into the motor-coach that will carry you to the White City. You may have to queue up, on the other hand you may not, as seats may be vacant and waiting for you. Let us hope that they are, and arriving at Wood Lane you enter the other half of this wonderful motor exhibition. Turning to your left after noticing the U.S. Rubber Company's wondrous Nobby tyres you will find that there are thirty-four car stands in the centre of the hall to be inspected, besides the accessory merchants' stalls, numbering no fewer than seventy-one. The new Dodge saloon first meets your eye, a wonderful improvement on former U.S.A. coach-building, with the Milton, a friction-driven small car, as its neighbour, and the handsome Paige and the new Ansaldo car adjoining.

* * *

YOU now proceed to see the motor-boats, wave skimmers, and cruisers, the touring cars of the sea, in the East block. The Marine Section at the White City occupies that extension of the East block that was the home of the coach-builders' at this show last year. Now pleasure launches, racing boats, and auxiliary motor cruisers show even finer wood-working craftmanship than before. The stands vary in size according to the motor-boats themselves, and Thornycrofts have one of the largest to display their marine and stationary motor engines, a 35 ft. open type pleasure launch and a 30 ft. auxiliary motor cruiser. This latter vessel is very interesting, as it meets the desire of those who require a craft that can be handled alone by the owner in all weathers, and especially for those of moderate means. The Evinrude detachable overboard motor is also staged on another stand near by in several types of this economical motor, with its own automatic reverse. Kitchen's reversing rudders, which dispense with reverse gears, reversing propellers, or reversing engines, are also

(*Continued on page 331*)



LORD CUNLIFFE'S 11 H.P. BEARDMORE

The Vauxhall range of cars

25 h.p.—The Weight-Carrying Chassis

The carefully-studied purpose of this type is to give the conditions of luxurious big-car motoring on the most economical basis. It is of the right size and power to ensure not only the highest degree of comfort, but also economy of running. For all-round merit, its road performance is unsurpassed. The 25 h.p. Vauxhall is the judicious choice of the man who seeks a car of distinction but not of fancy price. Chassis guaranteed for three years. Prices: Chassis £800, Vauxhall-Kington open car to seat 4 or 5 £1,100; landaulette or cabriolet £1,400.

30-98 h.p.—The Finest of Sporting Cars

A car of standard production that will do 85 m.p.h. carrying four in a touring body, and 100 m.p.h. with a racing body. But the great merit of this remarkable production is its combination of delightful driving qualities and ease of control with exceptional power. Taken as a whole, there is nothing to equal the '30-98' as a touring car, powerful, tractable and economical. Prices: Chassis £895, Vauxhall-Velox open car £1,195.

14 h.p. — The New Small Vauxhall

The essential point about this car is that it is of Vauxhall grade; no attempt has been made to cheapen it by sacrifice of quality. Extensive use having been made of high-grade steels and the new aluminium alloys, it is exceptionally light in weight. In speed, acceleration, top-gear performance and economy of running, the 14 h.p. Vauxhall will be found to bring advantages to the small car user beyond any which he has hitherto enjoyed. Price: Vauxhall-Princeton open car £750.

Stand 275
OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW
November 4-12

25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car with 4 doors
25 h.p. Vauxhall-Warwick landaulette
30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox special 3-seater body
14 h.p. Vauxhall-Princeton open car
The new 14 h.p. Vauxhall chassis

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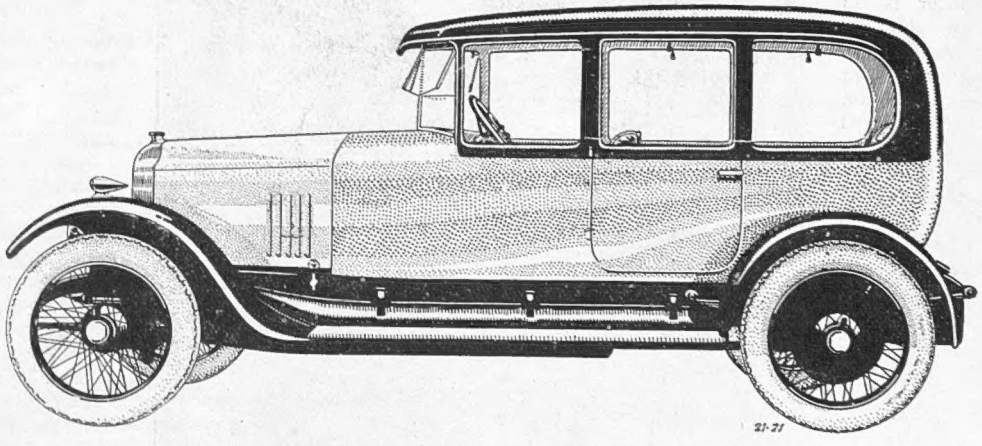


THE 25 H.P. VAUXHALL-WINDSOR LIMOUSINE, WITH 'AEROPLANE VIEW' £1,600

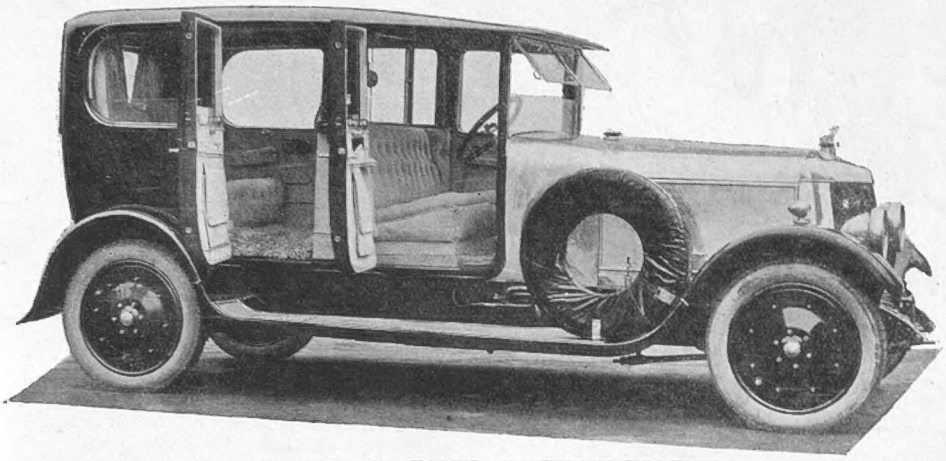
The framework of the body curves inwards at the top, and the roof is unusually narrow. This style of construction gives the widest range of view from the inside of the carriage.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

another interesting exhibit, while the Grahame-White Company, Ltd., show their sea-sled, a form of motor-punt.

* * *

THE Grahame-White sea-sled has an inverted vee bottom, surface twin propellers, and side-plate rudders,



THE DUKE OF YORK'S ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY
With Connaught coachwork

three innovations that doubtless will receive due criticism from sailor-men generally. The result is a very fast craft that is capable of sixty miles an hour, while as the hull is constructed of the best Saunders' "Consuta" plywood it is a sound boat as well. Doubtless if any of the Londoners that used the L.C.C. launches in Victoria and Battersea Parks visit this marine section they will recognise an old friend in the inboard and outboard types of the Watermota engines exhibited at the White City by Messrs. Walter D. Fair and Co. Here, also, is the Knight outboard motor, also familiar to the Thames, while trial trips are offered to those interested to demonstrate its economy in running cost—sixpence for 6½ knots per hour.

* * *

THE Kelvin sleeve-valve motor is an application of the car principle to a boat engine which is making its first public appearance here, though I foreshadowed the more extensive use of sleeve-valve motors in these pages a few weeks ago. Another novelty to many will be the Hotchkiss hydraulic system of propulsion applied to a canoe of the type the Thames is full of in the summer season, so that though it is a small marine exhibition as compared with the last one, which filled Olympia, this White City contingent is very interesting to "wet bobs" generally.

BY this time you feel that you want to get back to Olympia, so you taxi back or take the coach, according to whether you have to pay or your admission ticket gives you a free ride. I hope the latter, so that you arrive at Olympia at the Annexe entrance, which gives you a chance to see the coach-builders' exhibits you missed before. According to the prophets—whoever they may be—this coming year is to be one for economical motoring, so the all-weather type of coachwork is to be the popular form. Featherweight all-weather bodies are the feature of Offord and Sons, Ltd., stand No. 321, on the east side of this Annexe. There is a small one finished grey and dark green on a 20 h.p. Chevrolet, a medium-sized one on a new 12 h.p. Rover, coloured dark crimson, and a fairly large example on a 15 h.p. Belsize chassis, finished dark blue. Extremely light, but rigid, construction are the main principle of these Offord bodies, with one-man hoods, proof against rattle, and, better still, guaranteed to be draught-proof. Comfort with elegance of finish is their aim, and will be found to be realised on the road if one can judge by their appearance here.

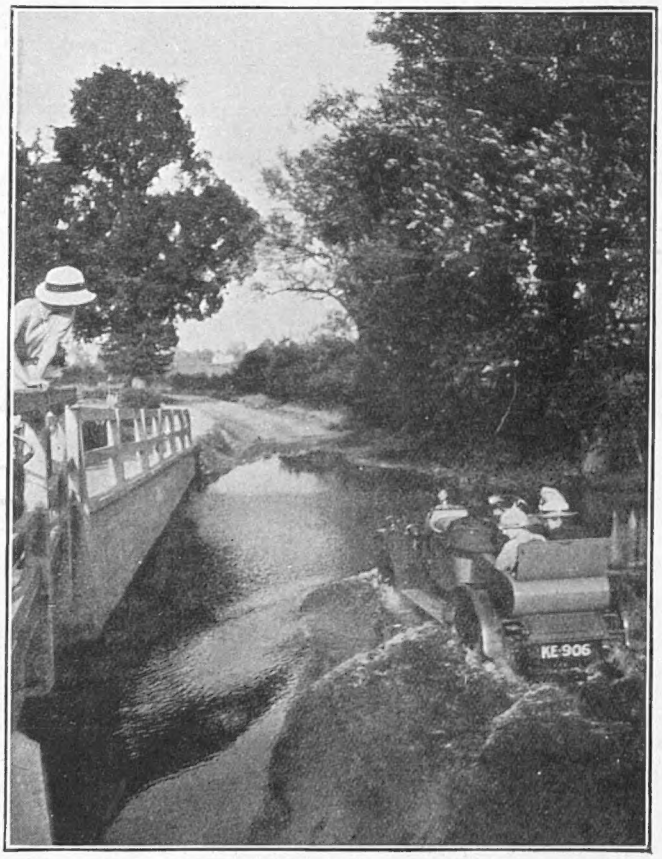
* * *

BARKER'S stand is opposite, and here is an enclosed cabriolet body on a Rolls-Royce, built for the Prince of Wales, to seat four, with a division with window between the front and rear seats, which may be let down when required. This Royal car is painted silver-grey, with polished aluminium bonnet and scuttle, while the interior is upholstered in fawn calf-skin, the rear seats being in the form of two comfortable armchairs. A cabinet fitted to the interior, made in wax-finished walnut, most artistically carried out, adds to the high finish of the whole carriage. Hooper's stand is on the west side of the Annexe, and deserves a better place, as here are examples of first-class coach-builders' craft, with W. Osborne and Co., Vincent, of Reading, the Regent Carriage Company, and the two rival Mulliners, all near by.

* * *

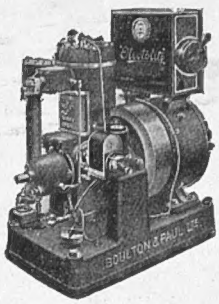
AS you leave the Annexe coming back to the main Olympia hall, the Ruston-Hornsby stand faces one. Here the standard 16–20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby touring car has a new design of coachwork with an exposed hood, though a feature of the 20–25 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby is the concealed hood. On both touring models the front seats are adjustable to give leg room as desired by simply lifting a catch and sliding the seat backwards or forwards on runners. Commodious lockers are provided behind the valances on both sides of these cars for storing spare tins of petrol, oil, and other travel requisites. The seven-seated, three-quarter landaulette is the most imposing vehicle on this stand and is nice and roomy, withal very comfortable, while the hood folds right back easily.

(*Continued on page 336*)



IN A DEEP WATER SPLASH NEAR CHESSINGTON, SURREY
An 11.9 h.p. Bean

'Electolite'



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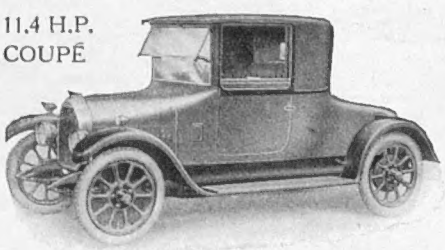
11.4 H.P. COUPÉ



THERE are some things at Olympia which you must not miss. The Humber Exhibit is one. Reserve ample time for an inspection of the five handsome cars staged on Stand 300. Unsurpassed in their class, moderate in price and economical in fuel and upkeep they may challenge comparison.

Stand 300 Olympia

11.4-h.p. 2-Seater £595
11.4-h.p. 4-Seater Touring Model, £620
11.4-h.p. Coupé £725
15.9-h.p. 5-seater Touring Model, £850
15.9-h.p. Saloon-de-Luxe ... £1,200

Note the new All-weather device for Open Cars; and the Rear Cowl and Screen Combination included in the specification of the 15.9-h.p. Touring Model.

HUMBER, LTD.
Coventry.
London: 32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1
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Humber

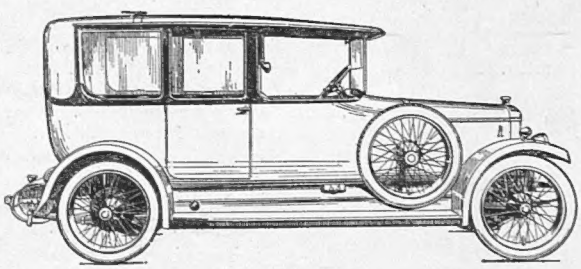
Daimler

STAND 272

MOTOR EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA

A visit to the Daimler Stand at Olympia, an inspection of the magnificent carriages on exhibition, and a comparison of prices will further establish the fact that

Daimler VALUE is still pre-eminent



Chassis Types and Prices.

Daimler "Special"	45 h.p., 6 cyl.,	£1,275
"Standard Thirty,"	30 h.p., 6 cyl.,	£1,000
"Light Thirty,"	30 h.p., 6 cyl.,	£900
Daimler "Twenty,"	20 h.p., 4 cyl.,	£700

The Daimler Company Ltd.
COVENTRY.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

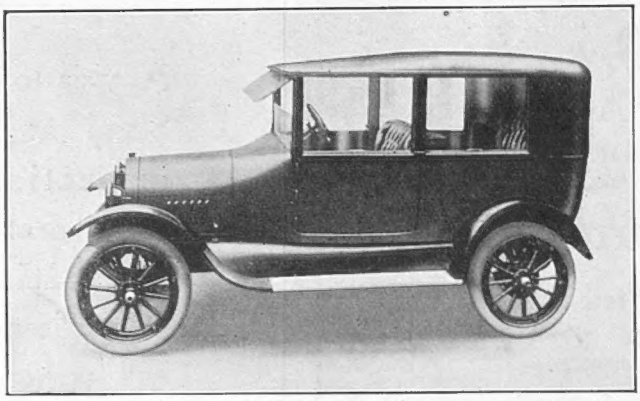
DURING the past twelve months the 10–15 h.p. Fiat has been regarded as the best of the small cars in the market. Its price now has been reduced, as the standard torpedo complete costs £550. At Olympia on the Fiat stand this standard model, painted dark blue and upholstered in leather, will attract attention, especially by those small car-owners that like a four forward speed gear-box. Its companions on this stand are the standard limousine landaulette 15–20 h.p. Fiat, also painted dark blue and upholstered in Bedford cord. The standard price of this model is £1,020, but as the new twelve-cylinder 40–60 h.p. chassis occupies the centre of the stage it will certainly attract the visitor even more than the six-cylinder 20–30 h.p. Fiat biscuit-coloured carriage, handsome as this is. This new twelve-cylinder Fiat has a 60 deg. vee engine in two blocks of six cylinders each, with detachable heads, and, moreover, shows the trend of modern ignition design in being fitted with high-tension distributor and coil ignition. This big Fiat has a three-speed and reverse gear-box, which claims to be as quiet on its second indirect gear as it is on the top direct drive. Four wheel brakes are fitted, with shock absorbers on all four springs, the front ones being semi-elliptic and cantilever springs at the rear. It promises great comfort on the road, carrying comfortable coachwork with a heavy load.

* * *

IN regard to four speeds forward, in order to give a much wider range of service than the small engine dimensions would suggest, the new 12 h.p. Swift is a notable example at Olympia. The mechanical features generally are little altered from last year, but on both the 12 h.p. and the smaller 10 h.p. Swift, also here as a two-seater, the standard bodywork is much improved in design and finish. As the smaller model, with its three-speed gear-box and reverse, can attain a speed of forty-five miles on the level, climb any hill, and has a petrol consumption of between thirty-five to forty miles to the gallon, and has a brake on the transmission as well as on the rear-wheel drive, it may be gathered it is a very useful little car. The bigger "twelve" can carry a variety of coachwork as its extra gear permits this, and it is staged as a combination open touring and all-weather car, a two or three-seater, and with a coupé body. It is very fast on the road as its 69 mm. by 130 mm. four-cylinder engine develops a lot of power, so that those on the look out for a small car that can carry a variety of coachwork comfortably will find it well worthy of their attention.

* * *

TAKING the exhibition as a whole, the range of motor-carriages is very wide, as those ready to spend £1,000 for their comfortable transport can find at Olympia and the White City something to please them as easily as those whose means will only permit an expenditure of £200 or even less. Swift sporting touring cars are here in many makes as fast carriages with limousine or landaulette coachwork that make big road-average speeds. Seldom has an exhibition given greater scope to the motor owner to please his fancy, and never has the lady driver or passenger been offered greater comfort in the upholstery and fittings to protect them from the natural elements. OLD HY.



AN ALL-WEATHER CHEVROLET

With rigid, but light, coachwork by Offord and Sons, Ltd, of George Street, Portman Square, who specialise in light cars at Gloucester Road

VULCAN

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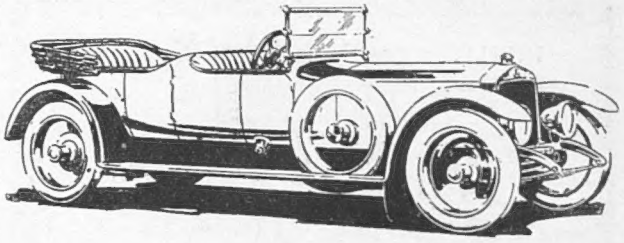

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